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ational Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Selections.

WINTER-QUARTERS.

ONE of the most extraordinary spectacles of this whole war is now presented to the nation. The Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the United States cannot carry out his most earnest wishes because the Generals under him silently and practically refuse to move!

The whole North implores military activity. The army frets for service. The President is known earnestly and urgently to desire a vigorous Autumn campaign. Yet, the prospect now is, *that our army will go into winter-quarters* on the Potomac! Why? Major Key told the reason. It is the plan of Peace Democrats and Peace Generals to weary out both sides in this war, and then, upon their exhaustion, to induce a treacherous peace, more dangerous than war!

The signs of this intention are many. Excuses for inaction multiply. There are not troops enough; or they need drill; or they wait for shoes, clothes, and arms. Through these miserable screens every one can see the real reason, that Generals do not mean to fight. Major Key was dismissed the service for telling the truth. There is reason to believe that it was no tattle of the camp, but the design of the council board, that he repeated. What he was punished for saying, the Commanding Generals are allowed to *do*, with impunity! Six months are to be added to this great and grievous war because the Commander-in-Chief is unable to make his Generals obey his commands and fulfil his wishes!

What will be the effect of this delay?

1. It will bring upon the army the most serious evils. It will consume more men by disease than would perish by incessant battles. It will discourage the men. They do not propose to become professional soldiers. They wish to end this conflict and return to their peaceful pursuits. This dilatory war, with occasional acute eruptions, lapsing into congestion, depresses their vital powers, wastes their spirits, disgusts them with the camp, induces vast numbers of desertions, debauches the morals of those who remain, by the inevitable vices of the camp. Next in evil to utter defeat is a winter of inaction! Nor will the men come out in the Spring as well drilled as when they went into camp. Six months of perfunctory drill in Winter camps is not worth one fortnight's drill in the face of an enemy.

2. By such shameful delays, every opportunity is given to foreign nations to interfere and meddle with our affairs. The whole world's industry suffers. Every nation on the globe has a moral right to insist upon it that we shall not trifle with rebellion and play with war, while their laborers are groaning and suffering for it. Delay is a cruelty to the South, to the North, and to Europe. This Administration will be arraigned before the public sentiment of Christendom. [illegible] guilt of needlessly protracting a war which wastes its thousands at home, and starves its tens of thousands abroad.

If once a foreign government becomes entangled with the South, we may look for a long period of terrible wars, such as have made almost every acre of Europe rich with the blood of men.

3. Going into Winter-quarters will, in the present condition of affairs, and of public feeling, endanger the peace of all the loyal States.

There has been, and there is, a courage and a noble willingness to meet any suffering and loss of this great and inevitable war which slavery has forced upon loyal liberty. There is no thought of giving up the conflict, nor even if we are betrayed at home and assailed from abroad. Egypt is behind us; we will not return to it. The Red Sea and the Desert are before us. But the Promised Land is beyond! But, as men that have suffered much of many physicians, but are no better, seek every desperate remedy which avaricious quackery puts before them, so our people are in danger of falling into experiments which will carry with them dangers even greater than now environ them. They turn to anybody that will promise well. The Administration has lost ground in the West, has just saved itself in Pennsylvania, and is on trial before New York. It is said, truly, that the drain of loyal voters, by the armies, in part accounts for the recent votes. But there is another reason. It is the voice of the nation saying to men in authority: "We have trusted you, and are disappointed; now we will try others."

For a year and a half men have laid aside party preferences, and united around the Administration. Now they are saying, "Why should we any longer yield our old party interests? The country is not benefited by our sacrifices, and we are losers. If we cannot have public victories, why not go back to party victories?" Truly, why not, Mr. Seward? Peace Democrats are as well fitted for doing nothing as Administration men. When plausible men, like Mr. Seymour, tell the people that they mean to uphold the Administration, they are sincere. They mean to uphold it in doing nothing. They mean to uphold it in sending the army into Winter-quarters, leaving the country for six months open to foreign plottings, and at home a prey to political wranglings and bitterness.

Winter, that stops the growth of the vegetable kingdom, favors the growth of political weeds, parasites and fungi. The army in Winter-quarters will be a gigantic hot-bed of mischief.

An opposition could not be founded against an energetic Administration. It cannot be founded at all except by the Union of two opposites. Men who are secretly in favor of the South, and men who are disgusted or discouraged with the unparalleled mismanagement of the war, will be harnessed to the same car. Not all the Woods, the Vallandighams, the Coxes, the Seymours, could consolidate a dangerous opposition party, if they had not this rare opportunity of public dissatisfaction.

If we are defeated in New York, the reason will be found on the Potomac.

4. But there is a matter even more grave than any of these mentioned. It is but too evident that the President is not practically the Commander of the army. His wishes are neither respected nor carried out. It is notorious that subordinate functionaries in military affairs set aside his most pointed requests with almost contemptuous refusal; that his explicit orders are once and again deliberately disobeyed, and with entire impunity. It is equally well known that men are kept in high places who have ceased to have the President's confidence, and who are coolly determined to thwart his plans and to carry out their own. There is an utter want of military responsibility. It is boldly said by men who know, and who have no motive for misrepresentation, that there are men high in the army that ought to have been tried at a drum-head court-martial on the battle-field, and shot, for the most base and detestable disobedience of orders in the face of the enemy, for the very purpose of bringing defeat on our armies, lest a rival should, by a victory, be made stronger.

But there may be a mute and latent insubordination to the President's orders, which shall be just as effectual as if it were open and avowed. What is the condition of a government where the President is held by an invisible enchantment; where the policy of the country is practically determined by a few military men who refuse to remove, or move with such sluggish steps as to prevent the very end they were set to accomplish?

In view of such facts, there is a solemn responsibility laid upon every Christian and every patriot in the North.

The election before us will be important as any battle. It may lead to speedy victory in the field, or it may be the first step in new complications of mischief.

There is an electric wire from every ballot-box in New York to Richmond. Every vote here thrown away through discouragement or indifference is counted a vote gained there. Every vote for Seymour is a vote for Davis. Thousands may not mean it to be so, but thousands will vote on that very account. This plausible candidate would support the present Administration very much as a philanthropic wolf would minister consolation to sheep. *He* in favor of rigorous warfare? It will be white war! Paper war! A war of kisses and compromises! An army of white lilies led against scythes and sickles would be better fitted to win victories, than a party bearing the voice of the overawed secessionists, the muttering pro-slavery men, the hardly-veiled confederates of Davis—the Woods, the Vallandighams, the Bennetts, the Brookses—to gain victories over the South.

Whatever men *mean*, votes for Seymour *are* votes for rebellion. They work for Richmond and not for Washington. And we solemnly adjure every man who shall read these lines to give his most earnest and ardent effort to the support of Mr. Lincoln and the government, by defeating men who carry a white flag hidden, to be unfurled the moment they have power.

And may we not invoke and beseech the President to give such tokens of energy in the campaign as shall enable his friends to maintain themselves before the country?

A few decisive acts of much-needed authority would save New York. Give the people evidence that there is life in earnest in the Cabinet and in the field, and they will crowd around the Administration and strike down every subtle, soft-tongued pretender, who would betray the nation with a kiss. All our health and hope lie in immediate and thorough military activity. Without these the future lies dark and stormy.—*H. W. Beecher, in The Independent.*

ENGLAND ON HER TRIAL.

DUBLIN, 74 Lower Mount Street, 23d Sept., 1862.

To the Editor of The Anti-Slavery Advocate.

MY DEAR SIR: I have read the article in the Leicestershire *Mercury*, and freely acknowledge the fair and truthful spirit in which it is written; nevertheless, it appears to me to be open, both in its reasoning and conclusions, to grave exception.*

The writer represents the estrangement between the North and Great Britain as occasioned exclusively by Northern faults and short-comings. The people of this country were, he tells us, originally favorable to the North, and desired its success, but they have been alienated by the unreasonable violence and scurrility of the Northern press. I confess I think this account of the matter at once unfair and superficial; unfair, because it leaves wholly out of sight the provocation given on our side; and superficial, because it does not touch the more fundamental causes of the prevailing feeling. I will say a few words on both these points.

It is, perhaps, true, that at a very early stage of the business the majority of people in this country, so far as they had formed any opinion on the subject (which was to a very slight extent), were favorable to the North; but, on the other hand, there was always a considerable minority which hailed with eagerness the prospect of a dissolution of the Union; and there was this difference between these two parties, that, while with the former the feeling was languid and found no distinct expression, with the latter it was energetic, and was pronounced with unmistakable emphasis. The writers of *The Times* and the *Saturday Review*, as early as April, 1861, were anything but friendly towards the North, or favorable to a restoration of the Union. I was not then in the habit of seeing the tory prints, but, judging from the line they have since taken, I cannot doubt that they were still more decidedly anti-Northern. Therefore it is not true, as the writer represents, that the Northern [illegible] neutrality. Before that declaration had appeared, the press of this country had very freely expressed its opinion on the inevitableness and desirableness of a separation; and, this being so, it was not unnatural that the Northern people should see in the declaration of neutrality (however reasonable that measure was in itself) a foregone conclusion unfavorable to them—a determination on the part of the government to sustain the views expressed by the press. The writer in *The Mercury* complains that "without waiting to ascertain the grounds of international law" on which the English government acted, the Northern people raised a cry of bitter anger. This was, doubtless, very unreasonable, but I think some allowance might be made for a nation in the throes of a great civil contest, by those who here in the midst of prosperity and peace criticize its conduct. Extreme sensitiveness to foreign opinion was, under such circumstances, not unnatural, more especially when it was known that this opinion was a main element in the calculation of the rebels—when the belief of the South that king cotton would speedily bring English and French assistance had been loudly proclaimed. England, moreover, had been known as *par excellence* the law-loving and slavery-hating nation; and if it was natural for the South to count upon the support of England on the score of cotton, it was not less natural—though perhaps somewhat more honorable to both parties—that the North should reckon on the good-will of England when engaged in the task of putting down a rebellion of slaveholders. It should be remembered, also, that the anti-British feeling of which *The Mercury* speaks was almost confined, at least in its most violent and scurrilous form, to a few Northern papers which were well known to be pro-slavery and Southern in their politics; a fact which the leaders of the British press, instead of recognizing and putting clearly before their readers (as the interests of truth required), deliberately and systematically kept out of sight. I would ask those who charge the whole Northern people with unprovoked hostility to Great Britain to reflect on the reception which, less than a twelvemonth before the civil war broke out, had been given to the Prince of Wales by the Northern States—a reception which drew from *The Times* correspondent the observation that the one sentiment in which Americans were united was that of loyalty to Queen Victoria. This, however, it was not now convenient to remember. It was resolved that the Union should be broken up; it was necessary for this end that the South should be encouraged and the North brought into odium; and accordingly the papers which were selected and placed before the English people, as the true exponents of Northern views, were the New York *Herald* and *The Journal of Commerce*. Worse than this—putting out of sight the fact that the previous governments of the United States were composed for a long series of years of Southern men, those who favor the slave party in this country have endeavored (and they have succeeded in their endeavor) to make capital for the South out of the very repugnance and soreness which its own prolonged insolence towards this country had excited, turning against the North that feeling on which it had naturally counted as a bond of amity.

For these reasons I think the comments of *The Mercury* essentially unfair, but I also think them superficial; for does the writer really think that the feeling which prevails in this country on the American contest is sufficiently accounted for by exasperations produced by the sarcasms of the New York *Herald* and a few more papers? Had I no knowledge whatever of the facts, my opinion of English sense and temper would prevent me for a moment from giving credit to such a notion. If the writer in *The Mercury* would only read carefully a few of the diatribes in *The Times*, *The Morning Post*, *The Saturday Review*, and, above all, those of the tory press, I can hardly doubt that he will discover a far deeper chord of sympathy with Southern aims than that which a common hatred could furnish. Mere exasperation at low ribaldry never produced such untiring energy of captious and trenchant criticism, such a sustained torrent of fierce, unsparing denunciation, as these papers have now for more than a twelvemonth poured forth.

No, the real cause lies deeper than this. It is to be found in the distaste for American institutions which has always inspired an influential portion of English society, but which Mr. Bright's unmerited abuse of the English aristocracy, and equally unmerited eulogy of the model republic, had, just before the American civil war broke out, brought to the point of positive disgust and hatred. It is to be found again in the serious (though, as I believe, quite unnecessary) apprehension of the growing might of the gigantic federation; and, lastly, it is (I fear to no inconsiderable extent) to be found in real liking for the social system of the South, or, if this be too strong a statement, at least in preference for it as an alternative to that of the Northern States; for I am by no means of the opinion of the writer in *The Mercury*, that the sympathy manifested in this country for the South is free from all taint of pro-slavery feeling. If the writer thinks so, let him look to the speeches and publications of Mr. Beresford Hope, to the articles in *The Times*, and if he wishes for an example, I would refer him to the leader of Friday last denouncing a policy of emancipation, or, still better, to the work of Mr. Spence, a work which has gone through four editions, and has been received with extraordinary approbation. He will find that Mr. Spence, while, in deference to the conventionalities of English society, he pronounces slavery to be wrong, is yet in perfect accord with the most advanced slaveholders as to the grounds on which slavery is maintained. Mr. Spence, for example, holds that white labor is unsuited to Southern climes, that negroes will not work without compulsion, and that as a race they are so essentially inferior to the whites, as to be incapable of taking an equal part with them in the business of civil life. These are the premises of slaveholders all the world over, and if Mr. Spence does not draw from them the slaveholders' conclusion, it is simply because he lives in Liverpool and not in Charleston. These are the views of Mr. Spence, and these views have been accepted, assimilated and enforced by the leading organs of public opinion in England, with a few noble exceptions. With these facts before me, I am quite unable to concur in *The Mercury's* absolute acquittal of the English people of any complicity with pro-slavery feeling. The mass of the people are, I believe, still free from it, but the leaders are not, and it is the leaders which determine our policy.

Great as is the length to which my letter has run, I must say a few words more. "The great principle that slavery is *per se* an evil," says *The Mercury*, "is, with the North, subordinate to the political compact of the Union:" he infers this, and very justly, from the conduct of Mr Lincoln; and concludes that "the last claim which the North could fairly urge on the sympathies of England—its firm resolve to do justice to the colored men and favor emancipation—it has officially removed." Yet the writer commenced his article by saying that "the election of Mr. Lincoln gave genuine satisfaction to this country," because we regarded the event as an indication that a limit was to be placed on the further extension of slavery. Now, if this was a just ground of satisfaction (as the writer seems to hold) I think Mr. Lincoln and the North may fairly ask him what has since occurred in the conduct of the Federal government to diminish the satisfaction which was then felt? Is it the abolition of slavery in Columbia?—the measure for its exclusion from the Territories? or the slave trade treaty with Great Britain? Has anything occurred to show that the Republican party are prepared to sanction the extension of slavery? and if not, why should England withdraw her sympathies from the party to which, on the ground assigned, she gave them? But we are told Mr. Lincoln will not declare that "slavery is *per se* an evil," and proceed at once to legislate on this basis. But the Republican party never made this declaration, never proposed to interfere with slavery in the existing slave States. They proposed merely to limit slavery—to put down slavery so far as that could be done consistently with maintaining the existing Constitution; that was their position from the start; and if that was a sufficient reason for giving them our moral support at the Presidential election, surely the reasons for this are not diminished when a firm adherence to their principle has drawn upon them the terrible calamity of a civil war. In short, it comes to this—is *The Mercury* prepared to countenance a slave confederacy till a nation can be formed which is prepared to put down slavery on principles of pure philanthropy? If so, and if this is what Abolitionism means, the confederacy may look forward to a long tenure of power. The truth is, the world has not yet reached that point at which devotion to [illegible] mee. Englishmen once, no doubt, paid twenty million down to be rid of slavery; that they would incur a like sacrifice now for the same object is what I desire to believe; but there is a wide difference between twenty million sterling, and a war *à outrance* against the Slave Power. To this result the North has been led by industrial, social and political causes, and why should we not wish it success? Grant that it is not inspired by philanthropic motives; it is doing the work of philanthropy; it is fighting the battle of civilization. At all events, even though it should have no higher end in view than the restoration of the national integrity, will it be said that this is not a better ground for our sympathy than the attempt to establish an empire on the corner-stone of slavery?

I agree with the writer that "England as well as America is on her trial," and, as one proud of his connection with England—proud of her history, proud of her literature, proud of her generous and ennobling traditions, proud above all of that purest ray of her glory—that she has been known as the champion of the slave and the terror of the oppressor to the farthest ends of the earth, I deplore in my deepest heart the course which she is now following—a course which I cannot but think must degrade her from the high and conspicuous place among the benefactors of the human race which she has hitherto maintained.

Ever yours, J. E. CAIRNES.

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* The article here referred to follows this letter of Prof. Cairnes.

AMERICAN ASPECTS AND PROSPECTS.

From the Leicestershire Mercury.

England, as well as America, is on her trial. We are, and we claim to be, the freest people in the world, politically speaking. With a great price we have obtained this freedom. Ages of struggle, and national and individual heroism, have bequeathed to us this priceless legacy. We can maintain, enjoy, and perpetuate it only on similar conditions. We are now, in a sense, free-born. Our danger arises from peaceful possession. Rights that are no longer fought for or maintained by the drawn sword, may come to be regarded, like other common blessings, with indifference. Rights that are selfishly held, as if exclusively English, and not the property of all men, scarcely deserve the name, and must be regarded by the rest of mankind with jealousy and dislike. We have built a goodly dwelling for our liberties, but may be tempted to shut fast the door upon the outside world, and enjoy those liberties all the more that they are exclusively ours. The great struggle going forward in America is one of the crucial tests by which to try our special pretensions as a people. There can be no doubt that British sentiment tends strongly in favor of the South. Our neutrality is only executive. Our sympathies are with the out-and-out maintainers of slavery, pure and simple. *Not as maintainers of slavery*, but as the enemies of those who are not our friends. The North has reviled and affronted us in many ways, and continues so to do. At the beginning of the contest there was a decided leaning in their favor. The election of Mr. Lincoln gave genuine satisfaction to this country. We regarded the event as a decided indication that slavery was to be limited, and its further spread over the unsettled Territories resisted. We watched the first signs of war with anxiety, and warmly desired that Fort Sumter might be successfully held by the Northern garrison and its gallant commander, Major Anderson. But an undoubted change in English sentiment on the contest has taken place, and finds expression in the majority of our newspapers and periodicals, and in the free utterances of opinion in private and general social intercourse. For that change the North is mainly accountable. Without waiting to ascertain the grounds of international law upon which our government decided to admit the war vessels of the South to belligerent rights, a cry of bitter anger was raised throughout the Union, and England was denounced in language fierce and foul-mouthed. Lord Palmerston was styled "the black-leg" of the English Cabinet. Mr. Cassius Clay, on his way to Russia as ambassador, stopped at Paris to denounce and threaten us with the united vengeance of America and France. At this juncture the Trent outrage occurred, and served to chill and embitter the relations of the two countries. The disastrous defeat at Bull Run, so graphically depicted by Mr. Russell, of *The Times*, revealed to us the folly of American boasting, and served not a little to excite an Englishman's natural admiration for pluck and success, though displayed by the South. There was a wide-spread feeling of satisfaction that brag and boast of an excessive kind had been put to the proof, and found to be the flatulent thing that always excites the contempt and dislike of the true-hearted and the brave. In a word, English sympathy was repelled by the conduct of the North, and won by that of the South, the fact and sin of slavery having for a time disappeared or taken a secondary position.

The Northerners themselves admit that secondary position. The Union is the one supreme object of their efforts and aspirations. Even the Abolitionists, the section at least represented by Mr. Wendell Phillips, have put their old war cry, "No union with slaveholders," in abeyance. The great principle that slavery is *per se* an evil is subordinate to the political compact called the Union. Mr. Lincoln tells the free colored people they are a nuisance, and are not wanted in the State; and, under his auspices, a movement has already commenced to locate them in one of the South American republics. So that the last claim which the North could fairly urge on the sympathies of England—its firm resolve to do justice to the colored race, and favor the emancipation of the slaves—it has officially renounced. The prolongation of the contest has further developed the inherent viciousness of the original compact which constituted the several States the so-called Union. From the outset, the cancer of slavery was felt, and attempts were made to soothe it into quietude. But men of the prescience of Washington and Jefferson foresaw, and the latter foretold, the inevitable results of the attempt to combine light with darkness, to yoke the bond and the free together. The disease, curable only by eradication, has come to its natural head, and broken out in the fierce war now raging, whose effects our operatives and mill owners are keenly feeling. The question of tariffs, maintained by the North to the detriment of the South, is but one of the many aggravations of the main sore, insufficient of itself to lead to the terrible rupture.

England is deeply concerned in the issue of the war, not as a safe spectator, but as a vital participant in the ultimate results. Wisely have we stood neutral, and nobly have our working classes borne their unmerited share of the suffering produced by the conflict of the two sections of the Union. England stands in danger from the corruption of her great sentiments on the subject of human liberty. Her sympathy with the South will prove a curse to her, should it degenerate into acquiescence with the wicked institution which has given birth to the war. Great sentiments of right are more to a people than great commerce and the wealth it produces. If we barter these away for profit, what better are we than traders in flesh and blood? The celebration of Nonconformity on St. Bartholomew's day derived all its real value and significance from the testimony it bore to human fidelity to ideas of right, as infinitely above established ease and social position. The separation of North and South, which at no distant day promises to be an accomplished fact, will demand of us a new attitude towards both. The jealousy and hostility of the North we may expect of course. The South will seek to buy our favor by opening to us new fields of commercial wealth. One question above all others should lead us to pause—What is to be the future of the slave? What of the slave trade? Shall we shake hands with the South, and for sake of gain close our eyes to that dreadful trade? Shall we forget all that was effected by Clarkson, seconded by Wilberforce and the glorious host who joined them in their warfare against the foulest wrong perpetuated by evil men against the weak and ignorant, that we may grow rich through the perpetrators? These are vital questions, and the time is fast approaching when we shall have to answer them in a very unmistakable manner. May the answer be such as God and man will recognize for its nobleness.

C. L. O.

HON. JOHN HUTCHINS AT PORT ROYAL.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

HILTON HEAD, Port Royal, Oct. 13, 1862.

* * * I HAVE had but one day to look into the condition of things here, but from present observation and information I do not think there is as much sickness among the troops as would naturally be expected in this climate, although they appear somewhat enervated by climatic influences. Gen. Mitchel, but just located in this department, has much inspirited him [illegible] signs of activity [illegible] vannah will soon fall, and with them the States of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida will be of easy conquest.

The expedition to Florida, of which official report will give an account, was a complete success, our forces taking eight or ten large guns, camp equipage, and last, but not least in importance, about 400 contrabands.

The disloyal run *from* and the loyal *to* our forces in this department. The traitors turn their backs upon the Stars and Stripes from fear, while the loyalists turn their faces toward them for protection.

It is an encouraging fact, of which the government should take cognizance, that of the 703,708 persons inhabiting the State of South Carolina, 412,320 at least are unquestionably "loyal to the Constitution and the Union," and are willing to labor and fight for their preservation. Our forces in this department are in possession of a large number of fertile islands, stretching along the coasts of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida, from which that portion of the white population at war with the government has fled, leaving behind their slaves, houses, furniture, etc. These islands, according to Gen. Mitchel, who has bestowed much thought on the subject, are capable of sustaining a population of from 150,000 to 200,000. What a field here for carrying out successfully the problem of emancipation as contemplated in the President's proclamation! This proclamation is received here with joy by officers and men, including the navy, as I am informed. Gen. Mitchel heartily endorses it, not giving it a *cold* support because it is the order of a superior, which he is bound to obey, but yielding obedience to it because he believes it to be a wise military order, and because he believes it to be right and just.

Gen. Mitchel has been heretofore favorably known to the literary world as an able astronomer, familiar with and at home among the stars; and now that he is practically professor of the Stars and Stripes, he will hold them up in his department to the terror of traitors and for the protection of loyal men, wherever found. I have only had time to collect a few facts concerning the cultivation of these islands during the past season by the contrabands. The island of Paris is near Hilton Head, is about three miles wide and about nine miles long. This is a rich and fertile island, but not in a high state of cultivation. There are upon this island 320 contrabands, only 150 of whom are available as laborers. These laborers have cultivated during the past season 220 acres of cotton, 300 acres of corn, 46 acres of sweet potatoes, and 20 acres of rice and garden vegetables. The gross product of these crops cannot be less than $27,000. This is the estimate of the Superintendent, an intelligent and careful business man, Dr. ——, of Cincinnati, Ohio. He has been the sole superintendent of these negroes, assisted by a colored man. These contrabands have labored faithfully and cheerfully—not from fear of the lash, but for the hope of reward. The cultivation has been much embarrassed for the want of teams and suitable implements of husbandry. There is also on this island a fine crop of oranges, the value of which I did not ascertain. These are not included in the above estimate. One of the contrabands told me that sometimes two schooner loads of oranges in a season were shipped from the island. The kindness of my friend, Capt. J. J. Elwell, of Cleveland, Ohio, now in the Quartermaster's Department here, enabled me thus early to visit this plantation. I am also indebted to Gen. Mitchel for the above facts concerning the crops.

There are many interesting cases of escape of slaves, on the approach of our forces. I am indebted to the Rev. Mr. Strickland, Chaplain of the 48th New York Regiment, now stationed at Fort Pulaski, for the following facts connected with two cases:

An old man named Paul, upward of eighty years of age—a patriarch among the colored people—residing at the Rice Mill opposite Savannah, in company with one or two others, planned the escape of twenty-two persons, men, women, and children. At the time fixed they started toward the promised land of freedom, the Yankee soldiers—crossed over a difficult swamp, carrying on their shoulders, as best they could, a "dug-out," a boat made of a log. This rude boat was so heavily laden with living freight that it sunk into the water nearly to the upper edge of the boat, and the least accident would have upset it. They were asked if they were not afraid of being drowned, and they replied that "death was preferable to slavery." They were discovered at the Fort when a few miles up the Savannah River and were brought in by our pickets. Rev. Mr. Strickland remarked: "When they landed they were the happiest persons I ever saw." Two days afterwards the Patriarch Paul appeared. When questioned as to his escape, he related in substance that after the stampede the balance of the negroes were gathered together to be taken into the interior. Paul was among them. While sitting in the negro car his master, an old physician, came in and addressing him said: "Paul, my boy, are you here?" Paul responded: "Yes, massa, I's here." The cars were about to start, and as his master left the car Paul hastened to the front of the platform and jumped off. Just as he reached the ground the whistle was blown, and the cars started. Pretending he was left, he commenced running after the train, and the bystanders shouted, "Run, old boy, or you will be left." They thought he was running after the train, when he was running to get away from them. When he got far enough from the station to safely do so, he started in the direction of Pulaski. One day and two nights he was in the swamp without anything to eat. Something, he said, told him that he would find a boat, which would enable him to escape. He did so, and in this boat he reached Hog Marsh, when he was obliged to leave it, for fear of being discovered and captured by the Rebel pickets. Crossing the Marsh, he came to Mud River, which he attempted to swim. When about two-thirds across his strength failed him; he lifted his hands to the Great Father, and earnestly implored strength to reach the shore, and as he sank his feet touched the bottom, and with a few plunges he reached the shore. He was now on Jones Island, another marsh, and in crossing it he found a plank near an old battery, on which he got, and taking off his shirt he raised it upon a stick as a flag of truce, and drifted down toward Pulaski. He was discovered by our soldiers, and a boat was sent after him. When taken into the boat he fainted and fell, exhausted by fatigue and hunger, and overpowered with joy. Said Mr. Strickland "when he reached the fort, those who had preceded him in the 'dug-out' gathered round him wild with joy." Eighty years of dark, dreary, cruel and barbarous slavery could not eradicate from his soul the love of liberty which God had planted there.

These contrabands, as Mr. Strickland and others informed me, have remarkable faith in God. In their darkest hours they look to him for succor and deliverance. This trait in their character, as illustrated by Mrs. Stowe in "Uncle Tom," is not overdrawn.

Gen. Mitchel, at Hilton Head, on the Sabbath before our boat reached there, made a speech to the Contrabands, a report of which I suppose will appear in the New York papers. It is well spoken of here. Gen. Mitchel said to me, with that emphasis and energy which characterize his public speaking, "I have spoken to the elite of Boston, the solid, and the scientific and the literary men of that learned city; I have spoken to the fashionable crowds of New York in the Academy of Music; I have spoken to the rich and proud citizens of New Orleans; I have spoken to multitudes in almost every State in the Union; but I do not think I ever addressed any audience whose presence touched me more deeply than did the sable multitude to whom I endeavored to utter words of encouragement and hope." I will give more facts as I learn them.

JOHN HUTCHINS.

RECEPTION OF GEN. FREMONT IN ST. LOUIS.

GEN. FREMONT'S SPEECH.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 21, 1862.

THE reception given to Gen. John C. Fremont by his friends in this city last evening is a striking evidence of the affection and enthusiasm felt for one who never betrayed a principle nor yielded one particle of his patriotism to satisfy the clamors of his wicked persecutors. Gen. Fremont was expected here on Saturday evening, and arrangements were hastily made for a grand torchlight reception. Several bands of music were engaged, and thousands turned out to do him honor. They were bitterly disappointed on the arrival of the train without him. But on Sunday morning, quietly, and as unobtrusively as the most humble citizen, the General arrived, and was driven immediately to the Brant Mansion on Chouteau avenue, where his headquarters was besieged by friends anxious to shake him by the hand. Yesterday morning citizens pressed through the halls of the building by the hundred. The General is looking pretty well, but lacks that vigorous, piercing magnetism which in the midst of his official duties, when last here, seemed to fire his soul with a glow of patriotic ardor. He is content to bide his time, but makes no concealment of his wish for active service. Said he, yesterday, "Of what use am I to the people as a Major-General without a command, while I might be leading a regiment or even a company into the field as a Colonel or Captain."

The ovation last night, however, was a grand demonstration in Fremont's honor by the people of this city. A committee of arrangements was appointed at an informal meeting, and by 9 o'clock Centre-market square was alive with torch-bearers, flags, music and appropriate transparencies. A majority of the crowd was composed of Germans. Repeated calls and cheers for Fremont were responded to by thousands, and when the procession reached Chouteau avenue, that wide thoroughfare was densely packed with people for two blocks. The neighboring houses were filled, and even the roofs occupied, by the enthusiastic masses. Two of our best bands struck up the Star Spangled Banner, which was rounded off with Hail to the Chief, amid great applause.

Gen. Fremont, having been loudly called for, at length made his appearance, and was received with prolonged shouts and cheers, such as no man (considering the size of the crowd) ever before received in this or any other country. These cheers came from the heart without doubt. The General then spoke with great deliberation and in a clear voice, frequently interrupted by enthusiastic applause, as follows:

SPEECH OF GEN. FREMONT.

MY GOOD FRIENDS OF ST. LOUIS: I am really glad to find myself among you again. Naturally my mind goes back, seeing you here, to the time and the events out of which grew the friendly relations which make the immediate occasion for our meeting to-night. The retrospect is full of satisfaction. When I landed in your city last year, on the representation of the government, the wharves were silent and the streets deserted. I met few and gloomy faces, and no hands offered me friendly welcome. No Union flags brightened the sky, and the city seemed to be in sullen gloom, as if pestilence brooded over it. But I had come here full of the hope that I would be able to serve you, ardently desiring to bring back to their old allegiance, as quickly and happily as possible, and before rebellion had become war, those of our people who, temporarily, I hoped, had been estranged from their government.

You recognized the sincerity of my intentions and gave me your cordial support, and as time wore along in the busy preparations which centred at this spot, the patriotic fervor which animated us became contagious. The little knots which in the beginning had gathered at this door grew rapidly larger, and in a few weeks the thronging battalions which the brave West poured along the streets were received with the cheers of welcoming crowds and the city blossomed like Spring with the national flag (cheers).

Later, returning from the field where my hopes of usefulness were buried, oppressed by injustice, under the attempted humiliation of subordinates seeking to please power, I came upon the unexpected and magnificent welcome in which you gave vent to your generous indignation and offered me your warm-hearted sympathy. Fixed in my mind as one of the most grateful events of my life is that night when, with my heart chilled and contracted by the undeserved severity of the government, I stood here and felt it glowing and expanding amidst the deafening cheers of the friendly multitude which filled this space. I felt rebuked that I had for a moment doubted the inevitable justice of the people.

Nor unworthy a place among the battle-scenes of your State was the moment when you opened your crowded mass that night, to honor in its passage the tattered remnant of that brave young guard which made the 25th of this month of October the anniversary of a heroic deed. I mention them here, not only because they come up among the incidents of that night, but because they deserve mention at my hands, and because they deserve to be held in remembrance by you. From their brilliant field of victory they returned to meet with humiliation—to be dismissed from service in the army of that country which they had served so nobly, and to share in the unmerited severity which was visited upon all connected with me in my brief administration.

Our patriotism was repulsed, our services ignored, and our labors repudiated; our best measures annulled or subverted; the very works erected to defend the great interests that center in your city declared ill-judged and useless. But time has already brought us some consolations. It must have been a great one to you who were colaborers with me when lately you read the order directing these fortifications to be put in complete equipment and readiness for service. And if it be true that in the misfortune of our "best friends there is always something to please us," you must have found pleasure in seeing the violent haste which your neighboring cities threw into the building of fortifications, when you were resting securely in the protection of your own (loud cheering). And then, too, in the case of the city defences, the repudiation was so thoroughly classic!

The builders of the walls of Troy were refused payment for their work, and surely we ought to remain entirely satisfied under the authority of such an old time precedent. There was no "irregularity" here. It is true that those other builders were violent and did mischief, but then they were gods and had power, and heathens liked the law of retaliation; but we were mortals, and lived in a Christian era, and every incentive of patriotism required us to be satisfied, if only our work went to the benefit of the country (cheers). But what was really the cause of all this? What was it that scattered the fruits of our labor, and struck so many good soldiers from the field of successful duty, and paralyzed the career of our victorious troops? Perhaps our War Secretary had been reading old campaigns, and his mind had become excited by the rapidity which characterized the great soldiers of Europe at a time when war was in its normal condition. He had read about the celerity of Peterborough and carried in his mind what an English minister said of him—"That he could never write to him, but was always obliged to write at him" (laughter and loud applause).

Perhaps with these and other such examples before him, the Secretary thought that we in the West were too slow. We had suffered a post nearly 200 miles off to surrender for want of reinforcements. Or, perhaps, he had later events in his mind, and thought of the French Emperor's brilliant campaign into Italy. He beheld that splendidly appointed force, for which the great Dictator of Europe had drawn upon all the resources of the East, all that science could give him in the earth or in the air—railroads to carry his troops into the battle field, railroads to bring off his wounded, and balloons to carry his scouting parties through the air. The Secretary had all this in his mind and grew impatient with us. He forgot how few of these appliances we had, and how poor the West was in all the ready materials of war, except, indeed, in that one indispensable material, of brave and loyal men, which she has so lavishly given to the service of the country. We may pause here for a moment to make the reflection that if we had not these great appliances for rapid and brilliant successes, we are safe on the other hand from the arbitrary use made of them.

The Italians were promised Freedom from the Alps to the Adriatic, but the giant army won fruitless battles, and the hopes of a brave people were deluded. But we "comprehend our epoch." In this country it is not possible that two commanders of opposing armies can meet together at a breakfast table and compromise away the hopes and liberties of a great people (cheers). But it was not that we had disappointed some high wrought expectations of the Secretary. It was not because we had failed in a soldier's duty, or suffered, at the hands of the enemy, inglorious defeat, that we incurred ministerial displeasure. It was because, in our uncalculating eagerness, we were too hasty in striking that enemy a vital blow. Like the Trojan, whose spear against the treacherous horse made the clang of arms resound, and whom the angry goddess punished for the blow upon her sacred property, so, too, did we undergo sudden punishment for devotion to our country (loud cheers).

Upon me, too, as in the old story, were the serpents set. They wound around me their loathsome coils—they strained me with their foul embrace—[illegible] destroy was not equal to the will. I lived through the ocean struggle. I come back to you a second time, and you receive me with the same old regard, the same warm welcome as heretofore; no matter how often struck down and rudely thrown back among you, the friendly contact restores my strength, and I rise again full of confidence and hope, and ready again for another effort to serve you (wild and prolonged cheers).

With you I feel myself in sympathy, I think your thoughts, and I know that my heartbeat responds to your own. I believe in your justice, and not only in your justice but in your generosity, which I have so often and so largely shared, and I submit contentedly to your verdict (loud calls and cheers).

In face of the great issues which are before us, it does not seem right to speak upon personal matters, but this is an occasion purely personal, a meeting of friends, and I feel like a man revisiting an old battle-field, where naturally the incidents of the day come up in review before him. The occasion, too, of my visit to your city is altogether personal. One of my principal objects in coming here is to be present during the trial with my friend, that true soldier and good and loyal citizen, Geo. McKinstry (cheers). During the period which the prosecution against him is directed especially to cover, I was his commanding officer, and, therefore, in a better position to become intimately acquainted with the nature, extent, and value of his services, than any others, except perhaps yourselves, who more immediately felt their influence. Having the opportunity to be present there with him, I could not have reconciled it with my conscience to be absent, believing, as I do, that the assaults upon him were made solely because he felt it an honorable duty to stand faithfully by the side of his chief (cheers for McKinstry).

But I will not trespass further on your attention to-night, except only to say that I thank you very sincerely and warmly for the honor and pleasure I have enjoyed in your visit, and for the indulgence with which you have listened to me (long-continued applause).

THE TWENTY-THIRD OF SEPTEMBER.

LETTER FROM ROBERT DALE OWEN TO THE PRESIDENT.

[We publish, by express permission obtained at Washington, a letter from Robert Dale Owen, of Indiana, to the President of the United States. This eloquent and forcible appeal for a proclamation of emancipation as a war measure, sure to meet with the approbation of all loyal men, and to carry confusion into the camp of the enemy, was received by the President a few days before the proclamation was issued. Precisely what influence it may have exercised on the author of that proclamation, we do not know; but we do know from private sources, as well as from the frequent allusions that have been made to it by the correspondents of the public journals in Washington, that it was regarded by others of high official position as a succinct and admirable statement of the whole question. Regarding it as a valuable illustration of the history of the times, and all the more so that it comes from one who has long been a distinguished member of the Democratic party, we gladly avail ourselves of the permission to publish it. Though a month only has elapsed since it was written, events are already justifying the foresight that dictated it.—*Tribune*.]

To the President of the United States.

SIR: In days when the public safety is imminently threatened, and the fate of a nation may hang upon a single act, we owe frank speech, above all other men, to him who is highest in authority. I shall speak to you as man to man.

Harsh opinions have been formed of you; even honest men doubting the probity of your intentions. I do not share their doubts. I believe you to be upright, single-hearted in your desire to rescue the country in the hour of her utmost need without after-thought of the personal consequences to yourself.

If, amid the multitude of contending counsel, you have hesitated and doubted; if, when a great measure suggested itself, you have shrunk from the vast responsibility, afraid to go forward lest you should go wrong, what wonder? How few, since the foundation of the world, have found themselves in a position environed with public perils so numerous, oppressed with responsibilities so high and solemn, as yourself!

No man ever escaped from such—so reads the lesson of history—without a bold heart and a high faith. Wisdom, prudence, forethought, these are essential. But not second to these is that noble courage which adventures the right, and leaves the consequences to God.

Men ever follow willingly a daring leader: most

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willingly of all, in great emergencies. Boldness and decision command, often even in evil, the respect and concurrence of mankind. How much more in good!

There is a measure needing courage to adopt and enforce it, which I believe to be of virtue sufficient to redeem the nation in this its darkest hour: one only; I know of no other to which we may rationally trust for relief from impending dangers without and within.

The dangers which threaten us are twofold: First, from the Confederate forces, composed of men whose earnest convictions and reckless bravery it is idle to deny. Secondly, from ourselves, compelled to make use of a military power of proportions so gigantic that no nation ever permitted the existence of such without more or less risk to the people who employed it. If we think lightly of this latter danger, we slight the teachings of all past time.

As to the first: Have you not had your moments of doubt whether we are to succeed at all?—whether the Union, once so glorious, will ever be reunited?—whether peace, which we used to enjoy with as little gratitude as we do the sunlight or the air we breathe, will ever again settle down over our distracted country?

If I have doubts of all this, it is only because I do not know what your action will be. We have at our disposal the means of certain success; but I cannot tell whether, while there is yet time, you will decide to employ them.

Our enemies, like the Grecian hero, have one vulnerable point. You have not touched it yet. What should have been their element of weakness has been suffered to remain an element of strength.

They have nearly a million of able-bodied men of fit age for war or for labor. Holding these men in bondage, and employing them to till the soil, they are enabled to send to the battle-field almost their entire white male adult population, yet preserve their commissariat sufficiently supplied.

It has always been a great wrong that these men and their families should be held in bondage. We of the North have hitherto acquiesced in it, lest, in the endeavor to redress it in violation of the Constitution, greater evils might ensue.

But the time has come when it is constitutional to redress it. The rebellion has made it so. Property in men, always morally unjust, has become nationally dangerous. Property that endangers the safety of a nation should not be suffered to remain in the hands of its citizens. A Chief Magistrate who permits it so to remain becomes responsible for the consequences. For he has the right, under the law and the Constitution, to take private property, with just compensation offered, for public use, whenever it is apparent that any public exigency demands such appropriation.

Forgive what may seem curt speech if I say that, in my judgment, a President with a just sense of duty has no option in such a case.

In the due exercise of your official power, in strictest accordance with law and the Constitution, you can deprive the enemy of that which, above all else, has given, and still gives him, aid and comfort. You can declare emancipated his slaves, the suppliers of his commissariat. Gradually, you can deprive him of these; and for every hundred thousand productive laborers he loses, you may have a hundred thousand soldiers. With their aid you can reach the rest. What, then, remains for him? He must thin his ranks to cultivate his plantations. He must labor for his own food, or must perish for the lack of it.

The people are forbidden to give aid and comfort to rebels. What of a government that has the power to cut off from aid and comfort all the rebels of the South, and fails to exercise it?

We ought to do that which is right, even if the recompense be distant and uncertain; but we add folly to injustice if we neglect a great act of beneficence that is to be rewarded, even now, by our own preservation.

Yet again. Can you look forward to the future of our country, and imagine any state of things in which, with slavery still existing, we should be assured of permanent peace? I cannot. We can constitutionally extirpate slavery at this time. But if we fail to do this, then, unless we intend hereafter to violate the Constitution, we shall have a Fugitive Slave law in operation whenever the war is over. Shall the North have sacrificed a hundred thousand lives and two thousand millions of treasure to come to that at last? Not even a guaranty of peace purchased at so an enormous a cost! After voluntary exertions on the part of our people to which the history of the world furnishes no parallel, is the old root of bitterness still to remain in the ground to sprout and bear fruit in the future as it has borne fruit in the past?

The questions are addressed to you. For upon [illegible] narch in the world. The English government always acts according to the policy approved by the constitutional advisers of the Crown. You would violate usage only if you should act without the advice, or even contrary to the opinions, of your constitutional advisers. I do not mean that you could continue to do this with propriety, or even with safety; I merely assert that the power is, in point of fact, in your hands. And for such a power, what a responsibility to God and man!

It is within your power at this very moment not only to consummate an act of enlightened statesmanship, but, as the instrument of the Almighty, to restore to freedom a race of men. If you are tempted by an imperishable name, it is within your reach. We may look through ancient and modern history, yet scarce find a sovereign to whom God offered the privilege of bestowing on humanity a boon so vast.

Such an offer comes to no human being twice. It is made to you to-day. How long it will remain open—whether in three months or in one month from now it will still be at your option to accept it—God, who reads the hearts of men, alone knows.

And this brings me to speak of another class of dangers—those which may arise here in the North, among ourselves.

Do you read the daily newspaper press, that wonderful and instructive modern index of the passing opinions of the times? If so, have you not recently seen there signs that startled you?—advice, audaciously given in certain quarters, that it is time the army should take the power into its own hands and demand the dismissal from your Cabinet of the best men in it? Have you no facts in your own experience going to prove that such audacity has not shown its head without power and numbers that render it formidable? I do not fear it; not now, if it is strangled at its birth. But he tempts Providence who suffers that spirit of anarchy to grow and gather strength before striking a blow for its destruction.

You cannot be ignorant of the design of these men. He that runs may read it. They see that we are drifting toward emancipation. They see that the demand from the masses of our people for this great measure is becoming, day by day, more importunate. They know that a majority of your Cabinet favor it. They feel assured, as to yourself, that if the option remain with you, it is but a question of time and of form when and how a proclamation of emancipation will be issued. They perceive but one power that has any chance successfully to arrest this stream and coerce your action. Openly they appeal to it. Openly they declare that Cabinet ministers must be imposed upon you by military dictation. No other course is left them to effect their great object, namely, to perpetuate among us that slavery which the nation, with a determination which increases from day to day, is resolved to uproot.

One blow may be dealt by you against these men that will crush, forever, their treasonable cabals. It is the same that lays the foundation of peace, and assures, beyond possible peradventure, the downfall of the rebellion. They know their danger. They read EMANCIPATION in all the signs of the times. It is to them the hand-writing on the wall, foreshadowing their political fate. What wonder that they resort to desperate means to arrest its advent?

Shall they be allowed time, by insidious argument, to entice the unwary into the ranks of sedition? By prompt action alone can you prevent it. It is idle to await unanimity. Men acquiesce in a thousand things, once righteously and boldly done, to which, if proposed to them in advance, they might find endless objections.

Do you hesitate? Will you delay the blow? See to it, that when, at last, your resolution is taken, the power may not already have passed away from your hands.

The 23d of September approaches—the date when the sixty-day notice you have given to the rebels will expire—expire without other reply to your warning than the invasion of Maryland and a menace to Pennsylvania. Is it to rest there? Patiently we have waited the time. Is nothing to follow? Are our enemies to boast that we speak brave words—and there an end of it?

What a day, if you but will it, may that 23d of September become? The very turning point in the nation's fate! A day to the rebels of despair, to every loyal heart of exultant rejoicing! A day of which the anniversary will be celebrated with jubilee while the American Union endures! A day to be remembered not in our land alone, but wherever humanity mourns over the wrongs of the slave, or rejoices in his liberation!

You are the first President to whom the opportunity was ever offered constitutionally to inaugurate such a day. If you fail us now, you may be the last. Lift, then, the weight from the heart of this people. Let them breathe free once more. Extirpate the blighting curse, a living threat throughout long years past, that has smitten at last with desolation a land to which God had granted everything but wisdom and justice. Give back to the nation its hope and faith in a future of peace and undisturbed prosperity. Fulfil—you can far more than fulfil—the brightest anticipations of those who, in the name of human freedom, and in the face of threats that have ripened into terrible realities since, fought that battle which placed you where you now stand.

ROBERT DALE OWEN.

New York, Sept. 17, 1862.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1862.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 48 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHERS OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 48 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

NEED WE DESPAIR?

THE last year and a half has been full of disappointments and reactions. When the whole nation seemed to rise as one man to resent the indignity of the assault on Fort Sumter, earnest and enthusiastic natures hoped that the indignation against the slaveholders would flash like a thunderbolt at slavery and rid the earth of it at a single stroke. All men appeared to be of one mind as to the ill-deservings of the traitors and to think that it was no more than poetical justice to punish them by taking from them the food on which they had waxed so proud and insolent. But it soon became apparent that no such happy ending was to be given to the war, if it could be avoided. The Letter of Mr. Seward to the Foreign Ministers and the declarations of the President made it look as if slavery was still the second-best blessing of the nation, if indeed the Union could be placed before it. Then there was hope that slavery would disappear wherever our armies appeared by the very necessities of warfare, and that as the mighty armaments we had equipped on sea and shore should march through the rebel country and thunder strike their cities, there would be no slavery left behind their conquering progress. But when it was found that our Generals were more careful for the property of rebels than for the solid success of their arms, when Northern officers made willing slave-catchers of themselves and turned their commands into slave-patrols, and carefully abstained from pushing their successes, or even from relieving the Capital from the disgraceful blockade of the last Winter, and all that slavery might not be too hardly pushed, it is no wonder that men's hearts failed them and that they were inclined to sink into despondency in view of the probable future before them.

Up to the day of the President's proclamation of prospective Emancipation, to apply to such rebels as shall not return to their allegiance before the next New Year, there was a constant alternation of hopes and fears on the part of all genuine lovers of their country. Events, and events controlled by the enemy rather than by ourselves, were what we had mainly to look to for encouragement to hope that the future would be better than the past. There had been just and honorable legislation, such as the abolition of slavery in the District and its prohibition in the Territories, and the first honest attempt of our government to combine with other nations for the suppression of the slave trade; but many serious and thoughtful observers feared that the day of grace had passed by and that we were condemned to sepa- [illegible] history as if it were the only one ever issued by Mr. Lincoln, be its effect good or evil—restored many of such minds to their normal elasticity, and they sprung to the conclusion that all was now done and that nothing remained but to enter into the kingdom of Emancipation and possess it. Though not much more than a month is gone since the immortal twenty-second of September, the pendulum has begun to swing back again in many minds, and the gloom of doubt, and almost of despair, to settle down once more upon their souls. We have hardly known a time when men's hearts seemed failing them for fear more than within the last two or three weeks. And never, as it seems to us, with less reason. We have had our alternations of joy and sorrow, of hope and of hope deferred, but we have never felt more confident that the good day coming was about to dawn upon us—nay, that it has already flushed the horizon—than now.

This depression in the minds of all who hate slavery and know that there can be neither peace, victory or civil liberty for the nation, as long as it is suffered to cumber the earth, arises at the present time, as we apprehend, from the conjunction of all the malignant elements of the North in desperate conspiracy against our own liberties, at once, and those of the slaves. Herod and Pilate are at one together, so that truth may have its life trodden out. The most heterogeneous and hostile characters melt like kindred drops into one, so that the interests of slavery should not suffer harm. The most dainty of what is left of Whig exclusiveness falls into the embrace of the dirtiest dregs of the Democracy, that by their union mischief may be warded off from the slave-masters whose lash they love. The coalition Mr. Randolph told of in the speech which provoked his duel with Mr. Clay, the coalition of the Puritan and the Blackleg, of Blifil and Black George, has been really effected. Hypocritical Republicanism, which made a pretence of virtue for the gain that could be got under that disguise, has coalesced with the vilest of the Democratic dirt-eaters before the foot-stool of slavery. The test has been magical. The presence of real danger to slavery has brought out all its real friends, from all their lurking-places, to rally around it for a last struggle in its defence. The mistake, as it seems to us, of those who are unduly cast down by this state of things, lies in their supposition that this malignant outbreak of pro-slavery is a fresh development of that demoniacal possession. They assume that the unanimity of last April twelvemonth was a genuine unanimity, instead of a false and factitious one. In truth, the North is more united now than then, because all that is good in it has become consolidated and knit together by time and the events it has brought with it. Does any one suppose that Fernando Wood and John Van Buren, that George Lunt and Charles G. Greene were any less the willing slaves of the South then than now? Of course they were not. Only they were compelled by the irresistible spirit of that time to assume a virtue which they never had. And so with the great mass of the Democratic party and the other political conglomerations uniting with it under various pretences but with the single object of saving slavery from the doom that hangs over it. All that was good in the Democratic party had come out of it and ranged itself alongside of whomsoever was battling for the safety of the nation and not for that of slavery. And whatever is good in the other connections now identified with it in its infernal task, will, we trust, find out where they are and what they are doing, before it is too late. For that there are honest men honestly deceived by the fair words and insidious phrases of those bold bad men we do verily believe.

But all this opposition was inevitable, as soon as it had any definite measure to unite its parts together. It has, in fact, been hard at work, ever since the war began. Its batteries have been masked, but none the less deadly. It has undermined every officer whose conduct showed that he placed the Union above slavery, and has compounded factitious reputations for Generals who had done nothing to deserve them but subservient homage to slavery. Under pretext of especial confidence in the President they have veiled their contemptuous belief that he could be made the unconscious tool of their designs. And, since the Proclamation, they are scarcely at the pains to disguise their hostility to him and his measures and to prove that the Constitution has no powers for its own preservation, but only for that of slavery. Now, supposing these malignants can do all they hope to do in the approaching elections, suppose they elect Seymour and Devens, and a majority [illegible] men after their own heart to the next Congress will it necessarily follow that they can control the events which have set at naught all their machinations in the time past, and which, it is not likely, will be more pliable in the time to come? Such an unfortunate state of things would weaken the President's hands, without doubt, but it would not paralyze them. He would still be Commander-in-Chief, with a majority at his back in the present Congress. Nothing can stand in the way of his resolute purpose (and we believe that it is such) except a revolution—and a revolution we do not think that Fernando Wood and Mr. Seymour can engineer, even with the best intentions. And then what arrangement can they make with the rebel government that shall satisfy their own followers? They, the leaders, would grant anything and agree to anything, that should give them a chance at the dirty puddings again. But we do not believe that their followers would stand by them in the extreme that would content the enemy. John Van Buren is content to let them go. So is not the nation—not even the sorry company that trains under him. Jefferson Davis can accept no other termination of the war than Independence, without disgrace in the sight of his own party and of the world. He never can agree to return, on any terms conceivable to be granted, excepting after conquest by compulsion. And Conquest is Emancipation. The true party of the country, composed of men of all parties and of none, who rally around the President, will not be deterred from their duty by the factious roar of these desperate partisans of slavery. The devil rages, indeed, but it is because his time is short. And very short it will be, if all good and true men are but faithful to their convictions of duty for the next eventful six months.

AT HOME AGAIN.

THE Editor of THE STANDARD, after a short period of relaxation, during which the paper has been in the care of a beloved and trusted friend, is once more at his post. A tour in his native State, including a visit to his birthplace and among his kindred, in company with the Editor of *The Liberator*, has been the source of enjoyment which more than compensates him for years of close confinement and severe toil.

We might say much of what we saw, heard, and fell to the course of our journey, but the crowded state of our columns constrain us to be silent. We copy, however, Mr. Garrison's notice of our joint trip to the Green Mountain State, uniting heartily with him in his acknowledgment of the hospitality and kindness of the friends whom he names.

From The Liberator.

RETURNED.

The Editor of *The Liberator* has returned from his comparatively brief, yet somewhat extended and altogether delightful visit to Vermont, in company with his early and tried friend, the Editor of THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, and will resume his labors with the next number. He went to obtain a little recreation, and has come back to the city in excellent condition, feeling all the better for his tour, in mind and body. To his much esteemed friends, Leonard Johnson of Peacham, James H. Hutchinson of Braintree, and Lawrence G. Bigelow of Burlington, with their families, he tenders his grateful acknowledgments for their generous hospitality and unwearied personal attentions. Among other places visited by him was Bennington, where, in the Autumn of 1828—thirty-four years ago—he first raised the standard of emancipation, and commenced his anti-slavery labors, as Editor of *The Journal of the Times*. What changes, what struggles, what trials, what cheering results have transpired during that long growth, dominancy, demoralization, and sure destructiveness! Now, how the land rocks with the mighty struggle going on between the powers of freedom and the cohorts of slaveholding despotism—the year of jubilee swiftly approaching, indicating in its fruition a nation "redeemed, regenerated and disenthralled by the irresistible genius of universal emancipation!"

The loyal spirit of Vermont is of the most unquestionable kind—so all-pervading, indeed, that that "satanic democracy," which is but Southern treason under a thin veil of dissimulation, gets neither root nor nourishment within its borders. She is full of natural beauty, romance, grandeur, with her glorious array of mountains; and her industrious, intelligent, independent farming population constitute a bulwark against the brutality and demoralization of the commercial cities along the seaboard.

Vermont has completed her quota of troops under both calls, and the whole force will soon be on the way to the seat of war.

In every direction the liveliest interest was manifested in the pending election in Massachusetts, and the question was eagerly asked, "Is there any doubt about the reëlection of Gov. Andrew, and especially of Charles Sumner?" And on the assurance being given, that, in the coming struggle, Massachusetts would be true to herself, true to her historic renown, true to the cause of freedom and to the whole country, in triumphantly reëlecting those meritorious public servants, the highest gratification was expressed.

At the urgent solicitation of friends, the Editor so far departed from his purpose not to lecture during his tour as to give two addresses on slavery and the war in the Congregational meeting-house in Peacham, and one in Braintree. In each case, the audience was unusually large and of the most solid character; and the sentiments advanced were listened to with the closest attention, and elicited the warmest approval.

A COLORED LADY READER.

AT a Literary and Musical entertainment at the Twelfth Baptist Church, Boston, on the 17th inst., Mrs. Josephine Buffin, a well educated and youthful appearing colored lady, made her debut as a public reader. Much interest was manifested on the occasion, owing to the fact that the candidate for professional honors was a native of the city, and was known to have exhibited the qualities of an excellent reader in the Grammar School. The selections for the evening were mostly of a pathetic character. The first piece showed that the lady had not mistaken her calling. In her rendering of "The Wolves," the clearness and correctness of her intonation, the rounding of her periods, the softness of her voice, the beauty of her gestures, and the deep sympathy which she seemed to have with her authors, caused her large and appreciative audience to feel that the reader possessed superior powers. She exhibited much pathos in her recitation of "Jack Scroggins." Mrs. Buffin appeared to comprehend thoroughly the intention and meaning of her authors, which is always a great merit in a reader. "The Gambler's Wife," a most difficult piece, was recited in a skilful manner, which gave unmistakable evidence that the lady possessed genius that needed only development. The deserved and marked applause which followed each performance, and the smiling faces of the audience must have been cheering to the reader, and will, no doubt, inspire her to go on to the full development of her dramatic capabilities. V. D. B.

A NEW BOOK.—There will be published, on the first of December next, as we learn from *The Liberator*, by Robert F. Wallcut, 221 Washington street, Boston, an interesting volume entitled "THE BLACK MAN, His Antecedents, His Genius, and His Achievements, with Biographical Sketches of many Distinguished Individuals of the Race. By Wm. Wells Brown." Further details respecting this book will be given hereafter. Those who know the talent and the industry of Mr. Brown will expect to find both interest and instruction in his narratives; and the subject is one on which most of us need information.

THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY occupy so large a portion of our space this week as to compel us to defer several articles for which we hoped to find room. These proceedings include an address by Rev. W. H. Furness, which cannot fail to command the earnest attention of our readers, as it did of those who were privileged to hear it. The "Expression of Sentiment" which the Society put forth will doubtless meet the general approbation of the friends of the cause in other States.

TWENTY-SIXTH ANNUAL MEETING
OF THE
PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society held its Twenty-sixth Annual Meeting in Horticultural Hall, West Chester, on Saturday, Oct. 25th, 1862, commencing at 10½ a.m. A goodly number of the tried friends of the cause from different localities were present.

JAMES MOTT, the venerable President of the Society, occupied the chair. In the absence of REUBEN M. TOMLINSON, the Recording Secretary (now serving the cause among the Freedmen at Port Royal, S. C.), EDWARD M. DAVIS was chosen Recording Secretary *pro tem.*

On motion of J. MILLER McKIM, the chair announced the usual Committees, as follows:

Business Committee.—J. M. McKim, Oliver Johnson, W. H. Furness, Hannah M. Darlington, Mary P. Wilson, Robert Purvis, Thomas Whitson, Elijah F. Pennypacker.

Nominating Committee.—John Agnew, Clementina Johns, Mahlon B. Linton, Sarah Pugh.

Finance Committee.—Thomas Garrett, Chandler Darlington.

According to an arrangement previously made by the Executive Committee, the Rev. WILLIAM H. FURNESS, Pastor of the First Unitarian Church in Philadelphia, delivered an address, which we are permitted to print in full from the author's own manuscript, as follows:

Rev. W. H. Furness's Address.

IT is a common saying, a proverb, that the age of miracles is gone by. And this saying is repeated by those who would fain impress us with the folly of thinking that anything happens nowadays that is at all extraordinary, anything that reveals in the events that transpire a higher power than the wisdom and strength of man. And yet when, in all human history, have things more truly wonderful, more pointedly significant of the presence of Almighty God, passed before mortal eyes than the things which we are now witnessing, and which within the last eighteen months have come to pass? The gigantic system of American slaveholding is all at once crumbling into pieces and rocking to and fro to its fall! For my part, although I do not consider myself sceptically inclined, although my love of the marvellous is rather large, I can scarcely believe my eyes and my ears. The barbarous practice, which, from the birth of this nation, has been clothed with the sanctity of a national institution, which has sent down its roots through the whole foundations of American society, which has been an active agency in the formation of the American nature, both North and South, molding it into harmony with itself, which has had the loyal support of our best political wisdom and even of our most orthodox religion, which has been the life or the death of political parties, which has both nominated and chosen our Presidents and our Cabinets, and which, a little while ago, no one imagined that the youngest child now living would live to see the end of, though he should live to the age of Methuselah—this organized, instituted, enacted wrong that had grown into our social system, until it seemed to be as essential a condition of our existence as the air we breathe, is suddenly struck with death and is beginning to vanish into air! And this is what we are witnessing, and William Lloyd Garrison is not seated in the Presidential chair, nor has Wendell Phillips been heard in the United States Senate. These names are but a little less unpopular than they have been formerly. Neither are the slaves uplifting their hands to pull down their mighty prison-house. Neither has the universal heart of the country been suddenly kindled into a light blaze of sympathy for the oppressed and hatred of their oppressors. On the contrary, never was the devotion of the Southern heart to the peculiar institution so fanatical and idolatrous as at this miraculous period. Never has more tenderness for it touched the Northern heart. And yet it is all at once rapidly tumbling into ruins, and neither the passionate love of the South for it, nor the gentle consideration with which it is treated by the North, can arrest the catastrophe. Down it is going, notwithstanding the millions of cotton bales with which it purchased and fully expected to perpetuate the favor and protection of mankind. The greedy self-interests which its loyal retainers marshalled around it to support and to honor it, are all of no avail. They cannot prop it up. It nods like a drunken man to its fall, and reels to and fro as at its wit's end. And the hour com-

> "No slave-hunt in our borders—no pirate on our strand!
> No fetters in the *slave* States, no slave through all the land!"

What event can more provoke our wonder than *the* event which is to illustrate and distinguish this our day? What sign can we ask from Heaven more expressive of the presence of Almighty God? What mortal agency, directly and designedly working to this end, has had any immediate share in bringing about this extraordinary result? Was there ever a revolution so vast and so momentous in its character and consequences, brought about more manifestly against the will and the most determined efforts of man? The whole associated political energies of this people have been from the first, and every year with a more solid concentration, directed to the strengthening and upholding of this monstrous fabric of Southern slavery, to the crushing out of every effort aimed against, to the silencing of every whisper that condemned it. The few who have dared to speak the simple truth about it have been branded with a designation which is even still hateful to the general ear. There are no rights, however sacred, however vital to human existence, however solemnly guaranteed by the deliberately adopted Constitution of the land, there are no principles, however necessary to the growth of the human mind and to the unfolding within us of the distinguishing attributes of our nature, that the people have not been ready again to regard and to treat as dung for the sake of the huge oppression which has overshadowed the land. What support is there which could be given to it that has not been given? The sanctities of law and of religion have encamped round about it. It has been invested with the authority of the Book of books, and with the prescription of immemorial usage. And yet notwithstanding all this, it is now swiftly falling all to pieces, and vain has proved the help of man. Surely the hand of God is in the doom which has befallen it, and we behold now the demonstration of His power, not in any suspension or interruption of the Divine order, but in the signal illustration of the perfection of that order. And to you, dear friends, who for years, long, dark, weary years as they have seemed, although now in the retrospect and in connection with the present bright hour they are but a watch of the night, you who have been praying and laboring and suffering for the abolition of the great wrong—to you the spectacle which is unrolling before your longing eyes must be full of refreshment and inspiration. Now you see, what you have all along had faith to believe, that, silent as the good God has been, and utterly as the still small voice has seemed again and again to be drowned in the clamors of ignorance and prejudice and pride, He has not been an inactive looker-on—that, busy all this time as the Evil One has been in blinding men's eyes and hardening their hearts, God has never forsaken them, never taken His Spirit wholly away from human nature, never suffered the good that He has planted there to be entirely extirpated. Now you see, but no longer as in a glass darkly, that men can do nothing *against* the truth, but that everything works *for* the truth. It is the insane frenzy of passion into which the slaveholders have been thrown by the foreboding of the world's condemnation of which your warning voices have been felt to be the precursors—it is the uncontrollable madness of the supporters of the wrong, which, driving them to separate from the only power that afforded them any security, has precipitated the present state of things and sealed the fate of their barbarous institution. Thus, in the wisdom of Heaven, their wrath has been made an instrument of good far more potent and telling in its effect than all the labors and sufferings which have been undergone for the truth. You may well rejoice in this day that sees not merely the emancipation of a race, but the redemption of our universal humanity and a new revelation of the ineffable sacredness of man. You may rejoice. But you cannot boast. No flesh can glory in the presence of the Almighty Spirit, which, working in its own foreordained ways, is bringing Justice and Liberty to a new and glorious birth. Not unto man, but unto Him be all the glory!

I have said that no human agency, designedly aiming at the great end, has had any immediate effect in realizing this magnificent result. But I must correct myself. There is one act, one human act, which aims *almost* directly, almost with deliberate intention (but not quite) at the annihilation of the giant iniquity the Proclamation of the President. It is not to the letter a sentence of death upon it. It emancipates the oppressed, not instantly, but prospectively, and that not without conditions and qualifying clauses. I am free to say that the wish is irrepressible in me that President Lincoln had the very instant he entered upon his high office, when he had the whole Northern heart in his hand, recognized the glaring and indisputable fact that this war is a slaveholders' revolt, that it is slavery that had leaped at the throat of the nation, and that the obligation to resist it, necessitated the prompt and full recognition of another fact just as obvious and indubitable, namely, the *human* nature and of course the natural human right of every Southern slave. We hold these things to be matters of fact, indestructible realities, the vain endeavor to ignore which, and to treat them as mere matters of fancy and opinion, has been the fruitful cause of all our woe, present and past. So much misery, so much confusion of thought, so much corruption of the moral nature of the people, have all come from our past procrastination in taking things as they are, in acknowledging the slaves to be human beings with sacred and indefeasible human rights, that not a moment should have been lost, the very first opportunity should have been seized, or if no opportunity appeared, an opportunity should have been made to proclaim the self-evident fact, the humanity of human beings, the human rights of every being to whom it comes naturally to use articulate language and to laugh. As nothing but mischief *has* come from putting off the acknowledgment of what is, so nothing but mischief can come from refusing to see things as they are, and from continuing to use them as they are not. Nevertheless, it is not in my heart to withhold any honor from the President. As the world goes, and as all human governments must consult policy rather than facts, and put sweet for bitter and bitter for sweet, it is a great thing that he has done. It is a thing done in the right direction. It is a great step taken towards the truth, and so magnanimous is the simple truth, that when we turn from the husks of human policy, she recognizes us a great way off and runs to meet and welcome us, and puts rings on our fingers and shoes on our feet, and arrays us in new robes, and calls for the fatted calf. The Administration and the people that the Administration represents have committed themselves to the Right, and, all prejudices and passions and interests to the contrary, they will instinctively feel themselves bound to make good their position, and consequently the more the people think, the nearer and nearer must they come to the whole blessed and unchangeable truth. I know that truth which is truth, I know that that conviction of the mind which corresponds to the eternal reality of things is alive, and that when once a true idea enters into us, the more we try to banish it, the more vigorously will it keep its hold upon us. The whole history of the Abolition movement illustrates the indestructible vitality of Truth. The idea to which you, friends, have been devoted, the humanity of man and of all men, has been hateful to the people of this country, for it is at war with their cherished prejudices and pride and their worldly interests. And they have tried in every way to expel it, to crush it out, to mob and to hang it, and it has grown more and more alive, the more roughly it has been treated. But when it is received with any degree of good will, when it is only partially welcomed and harbored, when our leaders, civil and military, are beginning to give it entertainment, then it grows strong and rich. Then it begins to dispense gifts. Then it exhilarates and inspires men's minds. Then it dissipates their doubts. Then it strengthens them for new and bolder advances, and before they are aware of it, it changes and regenerates them, and they become new men, hardly able to recognize their former selves. According to the constitution of the Universe all things are at the service of a truth so plain and unquestionable as the *humanity* of man, whatever may be the color of his skin. And now that we are all beginning to look it in the face, it must pour its splendor into our hearts and dissipate all our darkness. For it is a God-created fact, no device of man, but a truth existing in the unchangeable reality of things. Why, my friends, all the power of man concentrated in the effort and armed with all the mighty inventions of his wit, gunpowder and steam and electricity, cannot annihilate so much as a single drop of water. If we were to attempt it and handle it too roughly, it would develop a force that would shiver us and all our enginery, into impalpable humanity of man, above and beyond all our efforts to set it at naught. Recognize it as, thank God, the President and the People are beginning to do, and all the dangers and difficulties that we fear will be found to have no existence. It harmonizes, as every truth does with all truth, and it will make all around us a new heavens and a new earth.

But the fate which has overtaken the inhuman oppression which we have fostered, is not the only wonder. There is no end to the marvels that are now witnessed. For eighteen hundred years there has been no age of miracles like this. For example. There is hardly anything that fills me with greater astonishment than to hear what Sydney Smith would call "grown-up and baptized" men, persons of years, of position, of culture, people whom nobody has ever thought of sending to Dr. Parish's admirable asylum for imbeciles (it may be, by the way, that nobody has thought of it because they were considered past even his wisdom to help), it fills me with wonder, I say, to hear such people charging all the misery of the times, this bloody and deadly war, to you Abolitionists. Charles Sumner said the other day that he could no more think of defending the Abolitionists against the charge of producing this war than of defending the Astronomers against the charge of producing the darkness of the eclipses which they predict. Here have you been warning the people of the terrible consequences of being blind to facts; your convictions have been profound, and in spite of obloquy and all sorts of annoyances, you have persisted in declaring your convictions, in asserting what you have known to be true, that nothing but mischief, bloody mischief, can come from ignoring the humanity of human beings. You have been adjuring us all, by all that we hold dear, to resist and curb and put down the Slave Power before it should grow strong enough to attempt, as its nature necessarily impels it to do, to overturn the government and scatter all our sacred liberties to the four winds. Had your warning voices been listened to, had the people used faithfully only the powers and rights sacredly guaranteed by our civil Constitution, had they only been as zealous for those things which you have been so devoted in maintaining, free thought and free speech, as they have been zealous against them, we should have had trouble doubtless, but nothing like the trouble that we have now. You have been laboring to spare our beloved country this bloody hour. The spirit which has animated you would fain have gathered this people under the mighty protection of Universal Liberty and Love and Peace as a bird gathereth her young under her wings. And although you have not been able with all your efforts to avert this dispensation of blood and war, yet that the time is not more dreadful than it is, is owing by the grace of God to the persistent efforts which have been made to keep the great fact of the humanity of man before the eyes of the people and to kindle and increase in their hearts the divine spirit of equal Justice and Universal Liberty. Imperfectly as the people of the North have been prepared for this hour, that they have been prepared for it at all is due to the agitation which, for more than a quarter of a century, you have kept up. The source and the spring of the war is in the heart, the inmost nature of the Slave Power. That has been in one way or another making war upon the freedom and welfare of the country from the very first. And what the Abolitionists have been doing is to head off this the deadly enemy of the independence, aye, and of the very existence, of this nation, and that is what has made them so obnoxious to the Slave Power and to all who hold to that arch foe of our country. And now that this Power of Darkness, flinging away all political instrumentalities, has broken out into flagrant violence, what, more than anything else, more than our armies and navies, has enabled the people to resist it, is the free spirit which the Abolitionists have labored to diffuse. They have not, I repeat, succeeded in averting this day of blood. But that the times are not worse than they are is due in great part to them. The times might have been a great deal worse, a great deal more bloody, a great deal more calamitous every way. Suppose that just before the plunge was made into the bloody surges of the present strife, some compromise had been agreed to, that we had offered new 'securities to the Slave Power, new portions of the National territory over which it might extend itself, new privileges in the Free States, and that these terms had been accepted. What woul
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animated by such a new triumph, would not a
gun instantly to prepare itself, as it had done upon all similar occasions before, and as its nature forces it to do, for new and bolder aggressions? The respite in which we should have foolishly rejoiced would soon have shown itself to be only a brief armistice, employed by the slaveholders more fully to prepare for the assertion of the absolute dominion which alone can content them, while the North, laying to its good, honest, peace-loving soul the flattering unction that the danger was past, would have sunk into a new lethargy, from which it would have aroused itself only now and then to mob the Abolitionists, and then to be taken, when a new crisis should come, as come it would, at a far greater disadvantage than it has been now. No, friends, nothing could have been gained by putting off the evil day. It had to come, and every hour's delay has only tended to aggravate the evil. That this perilous delay has ceased, that the trouble has been faced before it grew worse, before thousands of lives were sacrificed where one life is lost now, is due to the spirit of liberty of which the Abolitionism of the North is at once a cause and an effect. The source of all our trouble, present and past, is in the institution of domestic bondage—an institution which generates an imperious, domineering spirit utterly averse to the institutions of the North, utterly at war with republican ideas and usages. It has been educating the South directly to hate and resist everything like popular freedom. And Abolitionism is but another name for true Democracy. It is the faithful representative of the rights of man. And in this conflict of ideas which has arisen, its whole aim and its effect has been to stay the plague.

So plain is all this, so manifest is it, that the Abolitionists are they who, if they had been listened to, would have averted this great calamity, and whose influence, so far as they have had any, has wrought to limit and to lessen it, that it fills me with astonishment to hear men by no means deficient in intelligence and observation denouncing the Abolitionists as the cause of the mischief which they have been laboring to prevent. It is like charging those who have all along been trying to put out the fire with being the incendiaries. Of course, it has always been the policy and the trick of the Slave Power to charge its most determined enemies with being the mischief-makers; but how men living here in the free States, men able to read and think, can be so absurd, almost passes belief. There is no limit, I know, to the nonsense and folly that are in the world. But this throwing the blame of the war upon those who have been incurring the greatest odium in their endeavors to prevent it, is the very height of absurdity. There is nothing of the kind that can exceed it. One can pardon the injustice of those who thus denounce you, but the folly of their talk is hard to be borne. It is difficult to reconcile it with any pretensions to ordinary intelligence. It is, in short, one of the numerous miracles of the age. I, for one, cannot imagine how anybody can be so absurd but by supposing that the Slave Power which has so long ruled the land has not only hardened the hearts of the people, but so turned their heads that they do not know which to put first, the cart or the horse.

Akin to the absurdity of which I have been speaking is another folly that afflicts our ears, and that is another of the marvels of the day. I refer to the folly of those who cry, "Down with the Abolitionists!" as if this were a thing that could be done. Putting out of view the merits or the demerits of this much-abused class, nay, granting even that they are an ignorant, unwise and fanatical sect, that there is no reason or good in them, what nonsense is it at this late day to talk of putting them down? Why, from the first moment, some thirty years ago, that Mr. Garrison declared that slaveholding is a sin before God, and that it should be ceased from instantly, and that he took this ground and would not abate an inch, but would be heard (hasn't he been heard, by the way? the thunder of this war is the response of the South to his voice!), from that very moment the whole country has been engaged in putting down the Abolitionists. It has been doing nothing else. And every time that they were thought to be put down, it has turned out that they have been set up! The lower it has been sought to put them, the higher have they been raised. They first appeared in Congress, in John Quincy Adams's time, as humble petitioners for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, and the attempt to turn them out had only one result, and that was to turn everything else out of the halls of Congress but the great question which they introduced, and the discussion of which is the one great end at which the Abolitionists have all along aimed. So directly and so invariably has every endeavor to silence them given a new volume of sound to their voices, and every attempt to weaken them strengthened them, so plainly is this the record of the past (he who runs may read it, and read while he is running, and the wayfaring man, though a fool, cannot err therein); so plain is this, I say, that one is almost inclined to suspect that they who now-a-days cry, "Down with the Abolitionists!" must be secret friends of this despised people, who want to help them to an increase of influence—want to make them more powerful, and put their success beyond all doubt. If they are not your friends, if they are really and honestly thinking of putting your invincible cause down, all I can say is, that they certainly are not people who have any concern for their own reputation for common sense. Their existence is, I repeat, one of the wonders of the day.

There is yet one more remarkable thing in this age of miracles of which I wish to take note. There is yet another class of persons here at the North, whose existence is a marvel. I refer to those who, uninstructed by what has been passing before our eyes during the last twenty years, would fain act over again the old and fatal error, and expect to purchase a cessation of our present evils by concessions which would be sure to be followed by a state of things in comparison with which this war, heart-sickening as it is, is a halcyon day of peace. Hellish as the war is in the blood and anguish with which it runs over, there is a lower hell of torment into which *they* would hurl us who dream of the possibility of making terms with the Demoniac despotism with which the nation is now in a life-and-death grapple. Doubtless there is not a soul of us who would not gladly have peace. But the human imagination cannot entertain a wilder thought than the idea of returning to the condition in which we were before the war broke out. It is impossible. Peace, or what is meant by peace—a cessation of the present conflict—is not now, nor has it ever been, nor will it ever be possible but by concessions on our part infinitely more damaging than the war has been or can be, however it may be protracted, and by whatever waste of treasure and life it may be attended. Do they who are disposed to come to terms with the evil power with which we are at war do they ever fairly represent to themselves what that power is? Do they not know that it is a power which, by the very necessity of its nature, is in deadly hostility to every valuable interest of the human race? As Heaven is my witness, I have no thought of bringing a railing accusation against the people of the South. I acknowledge them as brothers and sisters in the great household of humanity. I pity them from my inmost heart, placed as they have been and are, in the inscrutable Providence of the world, in circumstances and under influences so powerful to extinguish their human feelings, to foster their pride, to pamper their worst passions, and to deprave their whole nature. Far is it from me to claim that we should be other than they are were we situated like them. It is because I recognize them as fellow human beings that, by the sympathy of one and the same nature, I cannot help seeing how they must be depraved by the evil principle which has established such a frightful ascendency over them. We are not their judges. They have a Judge, infinitely wiser, more just, more merciful than their fellow-man, who will make all allowance for the unhappy influences to

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burned, and that we can preserve our humanity unimpaired while we are cherishing the most inhuman sentiments, and giving our countenance to the most inhuman practices. It is an absolute impossibility. There is no nature that can resist this effect. Indeed, the finest and most susceptible natures are the surest to be depraved by such gross errors. Is the barbarizing influence of slaveholding upon those concerned in it more manifest at this hour in any class at the South than in the women? In talking of the evils of the system of domestic bondage, we are wont to dwell chiefly upon the miserable condition of the oppressed, overlooking, or, at the best, very inadequately estimating the worse influence under which the oppressing class suffers. It is twice cursed. It turns the slave into a brute, and the master, though he were an angel of light, into a demon. It must be so in the very nature of things, or there is no difference between light and darkness, truth and falsehood. Right, recognized and obeyed, purifies and elevates. Wrong corrupts and degrades. And so great a wrong as the treating of human beings—our brothers and sisters, made so by God—as articles of property, must injure those who live by it to a fearful degree. This is what the Southern people have been doing. This is what has become a second and an evil nature in them, superseding their better instincts. They deny distinctly, in theory and in practice, the simple claims of human brotherhood, of natural justice, and neither man or woman can do that and their moral nature go unharmed. Now, this it is, this most monstrous falsehood, that certain human beings are not human, but articles of property, to be treated like horses and oxen—this is the evil power which has incarnated itself in the men and women of the South, and has driven them to set at defiance the irreversible laws of nature and the universal instincts of mankind. This is the horrible power against which the North has been driven to make resistance unto blood. And to what terms of peace will the deadly foe that confronts us, that exists only to reign and rage and torture—upon what terms will it, can it consent to cease from the work of violence and ruin upon which it feeds? Will anything satisfy it but the full admission on our part of its right to be, and to do its inhuman pleasure, and trample on natural human rights? Make peace with it! We can make no peace with it but by an unconditional surrender to its despotic will. We can cast ourselves down to be trampled upon and mangled and crushed under its blood-stained hoofs. We can fling ourselves with our wives and children into its obscene jaws. This is the only way of peace that lies open to us. But what sort of a peace would this be? From such a submission on the part of the North—an abject, unlimited submission, for nothing less would suffice—there could come no condition of things which, by any possible extravagance of speech, could be called a condition of peace. The land might cease to quake with the roar of artillery and the shock of contending hosts. There might no longer be any battle-fields which, sickening as the spectacle they present is, still bear witness to a noble manhood and an immortal heroism. But the whole land would be one wide scene of a more awful desolation, unrelieved by one ray of the glory that now rests on every spot where sleep the brave defenders of the Right. See what the Slave Power has made of the sunny, beautiful South—how it has blasted vast tracts of the soil—to what a state of brutish ignorance it has reduced the poor whites, making them despicable even in the eyes of the slaves—how it has put a brand of shame upon what we esteem the chief honor, honest labor—how it has extinguished freedom of thought and speech—what a reign of terror it has established, what acts of ruffianism it has engendered—in a word, what barbarism it has produced. Mark all these things, the natural and necessary fruits of the contempt for human rights, which is the life-breath of the Slave Power, and you may begin to form some idea of the brutal transformation which the free North must undergo, when that power is allowed the position and the immunities for which alone it will consent to suspend this savage assault upon the life of the nation. No, friends, there is nothing that can by any possibility be called peace that can be obtained by any terms to which the barbarian Power that has assaulted us will accede. By no concessions could we satisfy it but such as should go to the extent of surrendering every principle, every interest, every idea upon which the peace, yea, the very existence of human society depends. Much as we have suffered, and are still suffering, and must expect to suffer so long as the war lasts, it is but as a drop in the bucket to the misery that would cover all the land, were we, under the wretched delusion of finding peace, to consent to such a surrender.

In so saying, I only say what our past experience declares as plainly as if it were written out in characters of flame upon the midnight sky. Every compromise, every surrender to the demands of the Slave Power, has had the direct and inevitable effect to increase its power, to inflame its arrogance, to make it more fierce and cruel. And this has happened, not because the people of the South are by nature any worse disposed than any other people, but because it is an irreversible law, in the moral constitution of things, as sure as that by which the wind blows and the leaves fall, that an evil, being indulged in, practiced, compromised with, yielded to, increases in strength, and, if not resisted, becomes perfectly insane, and plunges everything into ruin. We have had this very plain truth, which all personal and all public experience asserts—we have had it exemplified over and over again in the most striking manner in the history of the great injustice, which is now, like some molten volcano, belching forth fire and blood over the land. It is the privileges we have conceded to it which have been to it what the sunshine and the rain are to any plant. At the beginning, the leading men of the South confessed the great wrongfulness of slaveholding, but by our concessions we have so emboldened those who uphold the nefarious institution that they now shamelessly proclaim it to be the only sure corner-stone of social well-being. We have trained them into esteeming the great curse as their chiefest blessing. What a pitch of pride they have reached—does not the present disastrous condition of the country show? They have dared to deny the first axioms of civilization and humanity, and to attempt the overthrow of the fairest fabric of social order that the sun ever shone upon.

When they have been encouraged to rise to such a height of folly and wickedness by our past concessions, which were comparatively limited, what barbarism, what madness will they not be prepared for, should they now be granted what alone will induce them to consent to a cessation from their present hostilities? What they claim as the sole condition of peace is the formal acknowledgment of their alleged right to make merchandise of men, to make war upon the human race. Were we so abject as to concede the claim, the seal would hardly set upon the concession before there would be plunderings, and burnings, and hangings, and all sorts of atrocities over all the North, and the foundations of all security for property and for life would be crumbling into dust. Let the Slave Power have its will, and the country becomes a mass of misery and blood. A year would not pass, before, emboldened by such a success, it would be found pressing the same monstrous claims upon other nations, bullying the weak and menacing the strong. And, after it had reduced the free, strong North, with its twenty millions, to accede to its demands, what nation is there remaining on the face of the globe powerful and independent enough to be able to afford to treat the claims too respectful which the slaveholders would make upon it with the indescribable scorn which they would deserve? England and France are talking of mediation, talking of exerting their influence to induce the free States to make peace! Heaven have pity on their blindness! Can they not see that the North, in its present attitude, is the one great barrier against the eruption of a barbarism which would roll back the tide of civilization and Christianity for centuries, and which, if the North give way, *they* could have no hope of withstanding but by appealing to those instincts and aspirations of liberty in their own peoples which would be sure to revolutionize *their* governments? If the rulers of England and France had any insight into the moral order and course of things, any sense of the awful import of this war, instead of entertaining the idea of mediation they would rush at once as one man to aid by all the means, moral and material, in their power to crush this formidable attempt to introduce into the sisterhood of nations a community which builds itself upon the asserted right to make merchandise of humanity.

Oh! it makes one shudder to contemplate the possibility of Southern success, and its inevitable consequences to us and to the world. It is frightful to think that the free North could by any possibility be persuaded, by a base compromise of the plainest right, to aid in bringing about such a dreadful result. For that would imply a blindness of mind and an abjectness of spirit which would only too surely fit us for absolute national ruin. It would as surely show that our doom was pronounced as the cry of the Jewish mob, "Not this man, but Barabbas," proved that the fate of the Jewish nation was sealed beyond hope of pardon or reprieve. It is not in words to depict, it is not in the imagination to conceive of the misery which would inundate the land. They over whom that horror would sweep, would esteem those blest who have perished on the field of battle, or who now lie mutilated and dying in our crowded hospitals. "Would to God!" they would be ready to exclaim, "would to God that we, too, and our kindred had all died, rather than lived to see such sights of woe, and to look upon a country plague-stricken and blasted under the ruthless sway of the Slave Power!" And let no man dream that these terrible consequences of a recognition on our part of a Confederacy based upon the idea of the rightfulness of slaveholding would be rendered at all doubtful because of the fair-sounding protestations of the Southern leaders. They solemnly profess before all the world to seek only liberty and independence, and the safety of their homes and firesides. With the air of persons greatly wronged, they have asked only to be let alone. It is possible, although my respect for human intelligence forbids me to believe that it is probable, it is possible that they believe what they say, that they really think that they mean only what is just and humane. But it is not what they mean that can determine the consequences of the course upon which they have entered. The man who is pursuing evil courses does not mean to break the heart of his wife and ruin the property of his children and doom himself to a miserable end. They who have gone before us did not mean, by their concessions to an acknowledged wrong, to strengthen it, and so produce the bloody war which is now raging. They meant to avert it. Nevertheless, notwithstanding their pacific meaning, the war has come, and it has come as the inevitable consequence of their acts. So, granting even that the men of the South are thinking only of their own independence, the unavoidable result of the course they are pursuing can only be bloodshed and woes manifold, and the utter ruin of the land. So long as they observe as their law the rightfulness of treating human beings "as though their tongues were mute and their feet cloven," they must do the fatal work of this gross falsehood, and scatter firebrands, arrows and death. They are helpless to resist it. They are driven onwards by an inexorable fate, like the leaves before the wind.

So plain is all this that I cannot but esteem it one of the special wonders of the time that there should be thoughtful and observing men who fail to see that there is no hope of peace for us, no alternative but in the destruction of the institution of domestic bondage. These persons seem to think that we must make terms with the slaveholders, and grant them what they ask, because we cannot subjugate them. All that we have to do is to destroy that which makes them disloyal and rebellious, makes them our enemies. This we can do, and, God be praised, this is what God is doing, and what the President and the people are beginning to unite with him in doing. When this is done, when the root of this bloody rebellion is destroyed, then the South is to all intents and purposes subjugated. This is all the subjugation that is necessary. Whatever else remains to be done may safely be left to time and to the benign influence of the institutions of freedom. This is a subjugation which, instead of depressing, will elevate the South and all its people. My friends, there are other miracles upon which, however, I cannot now enlarge. Let me, in conclusion, congratulate you upon the auspicious tokens of this hour. I am sure you accept them as an abundant over-payment for all your faithful words and devoted labors. You ask no other thanks.

Mr. Furness's address was heard with profound attention and deep interest. The truths he so eloquently expressed, powerful in themselves, were made yet more impressive by the magnetism of his voice and the deep earnestness and sincerity with which he spoke.

J. Miller McKim followed in a few appropriate remarks, in the course of which he made touching allusion to the death, since the last meeting of the Society, of Henry Grew, Benjamin S. Jones, Gerrit Smith Hambleton, Robert Purvis, Jr., E. H. Coggins, and others; and to the absence of many others—now serving the cause on the field of battle—whose presence in former years had encouraged us in our work.

The Treasurer's Report was presented and accepted, as follows:

Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society in account with Sarah Pugh, *Treasurer.*

Dr.	
To Agents,	$1,113 33
To Rent of Rooms,	275 00
To Books,	144 92
To Sundries,	358 82
To American A. S. Society for National A. S. Standard,	1,676 00
To Donations,	490 00
To Balance in Treasury,	10 00
	4,098 07

Cr.	
By Balance on hand	$20 85
By Philadelphia Female A. S. Society,	500 00
By Philadelphia Junior A. S. Society, Balance,	6 00
By Dublin,	49 25
By Individual Subscriptions,	993 75
By Sales,	213 22
By National A. S. Standard,	1,676 00
By Donations for American A. S. Society,	489 00
By Loan,	150 00
	$4,098 07

Simon Barnard, Auditor.

Philadelphia, Oct. 1st, 1862.

Brief remarks, of which we have no report, were made by Lucretia Mott and Oliver Johnson, after which the Society adjourned till the afternoon.

Afternoon Session.

The Committee to nominate officers of the Society for the ensuing year submitted a report, which was accepted, as follows:

President.—James Mott.
Vice Presidents.—Robert Purvis, Thomas Whitson.
Corresponding Secretary.—J. Miller McKim*
Recording Secretary.—Edward M. Davis.
Treasurer.—Sarah Pugh.
Additional Members of Executive Committee.—Lucretia Mott, Mary Grew, John Child, Abby Kimber, Margaret J. Burleigh, Simon Barnard.

J. Miller McKim, from the Business Committee, presented a paper designed to express the sentiments of the Society at the present time, and which, after being slightly amended, was adopted, without a single negative vote, as follows:

Expression of Sentiment.

Met to celebrate our twenty-fifth anniversary, to review the events of the past year, and to consider the prospects and obligations of the year to come, we, the members and friends of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, adopt for record the following as an expression of sentiment suitable to the occasion:

1. Our faith is implicit that our cause is of God, and not a mere human invention; that He has brought it thus far on its successful way, and that He will conduct it to a triumphant conclusion.

2. Looking back over the quarter of a century of our Society's existence, and recalling the vicissitudes of joy and sorrow, cloud and sunshine, temporary defeat and partial victory, through which we have passed, we are taught impressive lessons of religious faith, and derive new incentives to obedience to duty.

3. The fundamental principles on which our enterprise is based—that Justice is the highest expediency—that it is always safe to do right, and that no compromise should ever be made between good and evil—have been fully vindicated as just in themselves and wisely applicable as rules of human action.

4. The leading events of the past year, beginning with the feeble efforts for freedom on the part of individual members of the Cabinet, and ending with the President's proclamation, not only indicate the sure *ultimate* triumph of our cause, but inspire us with hope that the event is *eminently near at hand*.

5. The President's edict, though not so wide in its scope, nor so immediate in its action, as we had hoped and had a right to demand, is, nevertheless, a wise and beneficent act of statesmanship, entitling its author to the grateful consideration of all who love their country and desire the happiness of their kind.

6. The present attitude of the National government, making, as it does, the entire abolition of slavery its avowed policy—proposing immediate emancipation on the 1st of January next in the rebel States, and "gradual abolishment" in the loyal—entitles it to the hearty support of every friend of impartial freedom.

7. The war now in progress between the National government and the insurgent slaveholding States is, in all its essential features, a war between liberty and slavery; it is the anti-slavery contest transferred to a new field; it is the question for which this Society had in vain sought a peaceable solution, now submitted—by appeal of the slaveholders—to the arbitrament of the sword, and no true friend of freedom and the right, whatever may be his horror of bloodshed, or his aversion to war in itself considered, can fail to sympathize, in this contest, with the champions of the government, and to wish for defeat to those who are battling for its overthrow.

8. This war is not a mere local conflict, the results of which are to terminate with our own country; it is a part of that great controversy between despotism and freedom, which has been going on from the beginning in all countries and in all ages; the right decision of which, here and now, must prove an incalculable blessing to all peoples, and mark a glorious epoch in the history of the world.

9. While we rejoice in the continued fidelity of our coadjutors in England, we are shocked at the development of pro-slavery spirit lately manifested among the ruling classes in that country; and, laying aside all narrow views of a one-sided patriotism, and speaking only as friends of universal freedom, desiring the equal happiness of all men and the honor and glory of all nations, we feel constrained to pronounce the sympathizing course of these classes toward our slaveholding conspirators as shameful to the last degree and to warn those who are pursuing it, and their apologists, that a persistence in this course will prove fraught with dishonor to themselves and disgrace and calamity to their country.

10. The conduct of the colored people of this country, North and South, bond and free, since the breaking out of the war, has been such as to challenge respect and excite pleasing hopes of the future. In the North, forgetting their life-long grievances, they patriotically offered their services for the defence of the country, and, being rejected, quietly withdrew, and have since continued in the peaceful pursuit of their usual avocations. In the South, as slaves, they have waited patiently for the day of deliverance, hating their chains but resisting all temptations to vindictive massacre; as freedmen, they have worked industriously on their plantations and in the trenches, as at Port Royal, Newbern, Fortress Monroe, and in Kansas, and where an opportunity has offered, have gladly enlisted as soldiers for the defence of the country; thus proving—what should have needed no illustration—that the black man may be safely entrusted with his liberty, and that the country has in this element of her population resources of strength and prosperity which have never been duly estimated.

11. The vulgar prejudice against people who are wholly or in part of African descent, though still virulent, is steadily yielding to a more enlightened sentiment, the evidence being seen in the fact that, in obedience to popular demand, authority has been granted by the government for the enlistment, in certain localities, of black men as soldiers; and, in the additional fact, that the anti-negro clamor, though still an effective expedient with demagogues, has lost its potentiality with respectable people, being now only of avail with the most debased and ignorant.

12. The progress of anti slavery truth, and the prevalence of a better public opinion, are visible in the improved tone of our ministers of religion, and the more unexceptionable action of ecclesiastical assemblies; so much so that it may no longer be said, with propriety, that "the American Church is the bulwark of American slavery."

13. While we find much to cheer and delight us in a review of our past history, there is, nevertheless, in the reflections incident to such a retrospect, not a little to inspire us with sadness. Our ranks have been thinned; loved ones have departed, and time and care have ploughed deep furrows in the faces of those who remain.

The venerable patriarch whose voice on occasions like this used to be heard in supplication for Heaven's blessings on our counsels, has gone to his rest. Henry Grew, the faithful, the gentle, the uncompromising, the true, after a long life of well doing, reposes from his labors. The memory of his example is our consolation for his loss.

Benjamin S. Jones, one of the first to take the field at the origin of our movement, one of the founders of this Society, and ever one of its most faithful coadjutors has also come to his reward. His services to the cause, by his voice and pen, and in times when such services were most needed, were of uncounted value. We mingle our tears with those of his stricken widow, as fellow-sharers in her loss, and tender her our condolences with unfeigned sympathy.

14. We commence the labors of another year in the earnest hope that its end may witness the substantial overthrow of slavery, and that our chief function as a Society hereafter may be to "build the old waste places," and to act the part of "repairers of the breach, restorers of paths to dwell in."

15. In any event, our course for the future is plain—our duty being to maintain the integrity of our organization, and to keep up such of its instrumentalities as are necessary to its existence; these being especially the Anti Slavery Office and its appliances—never more useful than at present—and The National Anti-Slavery Standard, the value of which it would be hard to over-estimate.

16. Finally, regarding our duty to the country and our obligations to the anti-slavery cause as running in parallel lines, and believing, as we have ever believed, that whatever promotes the interest of the one conduces to the welfare of the other, we, of necessity, as faithful Abolitionists, range ourselves heartily on the side of the National government; and, while retracting nothing of what we have hitherto had occasion to say of the nature and effects of the Federal compact, we deem it but just here to add, that the preservation of the National Union against all efforts of its enemies, either at home or abroad, to dismember or destroy it, is an object which lies near to the heart of every Abolitionist, and claims his best assistance for its accomplishment.

The foregoing propositions were the subject of an interlocutory discussion, in which a large number of persons took part, and which turned chiefly upon the last of the series, the question being how far members of the Society holding peace doctrines could go in expressing their approval of a government engaged in war. As the proposition stood when originally introduced, it was deemed too unqualified for the non-resistant friends of the government; it was modified, therefore, into the shape in which it now stands, and the whole was adopted by a unanimous vote.

Thomas Whitson, responding to the wish of those around him, made a few remarks, which were characterised by reverence for truth as opposed to a loose expediency in the conduct of the anti-slavery cause.

Adjourned till evening.

Evening Session.

Lucretia Mott made a few remarks, urging the importance of disseminating anti-slavery publications.

J. M. McKim said it was the business of the Executive Committee to make an Annual Report. It had been the custom to present this report in written form. The document as thus presented was not devoted exclusively or mainly to a detail of the proceedings of the Society in the year past, but included besides a review of all the events of interest that may have transpired, affecting directly or indirectly the cause. To present such a report any time in the last two years—the most eventful in the country's history—was a thing impossible. It would make a document altogether too voluminous to be practicable. This was especially true of the past year. Every event that happened of public interest—with hardly an exception—related to the slavery question. All topics of discussion, everywhere and on all occasions, involved this question. Matters foreign or domestic, civil or military, social, financial, juridical or political, all had their chief interest in the relation they bore to the slavery question; this being emphatically, and stripped of its accidents, exclusively the question at issue before the nation and the world. To write a report, therefore, that would include a review of leading events with comments and reflections, such as had been customary, was a thing impossible for any one having other pressing duties. Nor could the Society afford the time to listen to it had it been written. All that can be attempted is a verbal report—which the Committee now desire me to make in their behalf: but even that is impossible. For the history of the anti slavery cause during the past year is little less than a history of the country. A history of the country in all its relations, domestic and foreign, would be little more than a history of the anti-slavery contest. "The job," you see, therefore, using the phrase of our respected President, is altogether "too big." All we can do is to look on and see for ourselves. The contest is raging; the din and smoke of the battle is all around us. It is not the place of your Secretary to retire from the field like a reporter for a daily paper, to jot down what he has been witnessing. He has other duties, and so have you. Look out and see for yourselves. The spectators from the cliffs overlooking the field of Antietam, on the 15th of September, watched the battle as it ebbed and flowed from morning till night; its fortunes now seeming to favor one party, now the other. It was not a decisive battle, but Burnside took the bridge; Heintzelman and Hooker held the corn field. Our forces slept that night on ground vacated by their antagonists—the dead bodies of the enemy scattered around them, his forces in retreat. It was not a decisive day; but its advantages were with the hosts of freedom. That battle is an epitome of the contest of the year throughout the country. The struggle has not been decisive, but the advantages are with us. Mill Spring, Donaldson, Henry, Island No. 10, Memphis, Baton Rouge, New Orleans, Port Royal, Hatteras, testify to the steady gain, spite of all reverses, made on the strongholds of slavery. The end of the year finds us in occupation of vantage ground vacated by the enemy.

The same is true of the moral arena. Taking our stand here to-day on this moral elevation, overlooking the past, the present, and affording us glimpses, as the smoke lifts, into the future, what do we see? Recall the events of the year—civil, military, social, foreign, domestic, great and small, they have all related to slavery; and they have each marked a struggle; it may have been a mere skirmish, or a reconnoissance, so to speak, or a pitched battle. Fremont's proclamation was a reconnoissance in force. It cost him temporarily his command, but it gave the country valuable information as to the enemy's strength and position. That proclamation was the occasion of a fierce and protracted fight between the friends and the enemies of freedom; not decisive, but the advantages remaining with the latter. With Hunter's order, sometimes called a proclamation, it was the same thing, except that in this case the victory was complete. Hunter, snubbed and repudiated at the demands of the Border State policy, is now honored and endorsed, and his policy made the programme of the country. Thus has it been in every contest in regard to military men and measures relating to slavery. Butler, the tender-footed and superserviceable, from long habit as a political ally of the slaveholders, the man who made haste to assure the enemies whom he was sent to fight that he would protect them against their slaves, is now "Butler the Beast," the confiscator, the emancipator, the scorner of secesh chivalry, and the summary executioner of slaveholding traitors. Halleck's Order No. 3 is explained away. Phelps's proclamation is accepted as the utterance of a high-toned man and brave soldier, so far in advance of his cotemporaries that he is obliged to wait out of the service till they come up to him. McClellan's "iron-hand" order is blotted out, and written over it is his order No. 113, sustaining the President's edict of emancipation! Dix's assurances of protection against insurrection, given to the people of Accomac and Northampton, are never mentioned, except by his enemies, while Buell, the last remnant of border Stateism, holding command in the field, is obliged to succumb to popular clamor. The papers inform us that Rosecrans, a friend of free institutions, born in Ohio of a Pennsylvania mother, this day, by order of the President, takes command of the army of Kentucky.

As in military, so has it been in civil affairs. The President's first message did not mention the word slavery. The King of Denmark with the part of Hamlet left out. *Lucus a non lucendo.* The very omission made the subject a topic of universal discussion. A discussion on the relations of capital and labor occupied the place of the relations of master and slave, or freedom and slavery. Still the message marked an advance. The President recommended more stringent measures for the suppression of the slave trade, and intimated that if there was any good and sufficient reason why Hayti and Liberia should not be recognized he didn't see it.

Then came the resolutions of Eliot of Massachusetts, Thaddeus Stevens of this State, and others, relating to rebels and their slaves. Then bills of confiscation and emancipation; bills for the abolition of slavery in the District, excluding slavery from the Territories; for the recognition of Hayti; for the establishment of relations with Liberia, etc., etc., etc. All these bills were points of controversy, of protracted, bitter strife. Looking back we see it all. We see the contending parties swaying to and fro as the fortunes of the day now favor one, now smile on the other. But we have carried the bridge. We hold the corn field. We sleep on the ground vacated by the enemy—the bodies of the slain strewn around us and the foe in retreat. The District is ours; the Territories are ours; Liberia and Hayti are ours; confiscation and emancipation of the slaves of rebels are ours; *the President's proclamation of immediate emancipation on the 1st of January in all rebel States is ours!* The battle is not decided, but the advantages are with the cause of freedom. Our forces are consolidated, and are in the best spirits. A common policy unites the friends of the government. The clouds that overhang the battle-field have lifted. We know what we are about. We see day-light ahead, and sure victory in the distance.

This, my friends, standing on this eminence, and looking backward, outward and forward, is what we see. The events which are passing need no interpreter; their meaning is patent; he that runs may read. This is all that need be said in regard to the general cause. These hints will call up to your minds all that has transpired or is now happening, and supersede the necessity of a detailed report.

A word as to the proceedings during the year of this Society. Your Committee has not held many meetings, but it has not been altogether idle in this respect. Several of the best public gatherings that have ever been convened in this State have been got up directly or indirectly by the Executive Committee. They have not always been ostensibly anti-slavery meetings, as in the case of the two "Port Royal meetings," both addressed by Dr. Tyng, the eminent and eloquent Episcopal Church Abolitionist, and the latter by Robert Small, the distinguished hero of the steamer Planter.

The chief instrumentalities of the Society at present are the Anti-Slavery office and its belongings, and The National Anti-Slavery Standard. The sentiments you have expressed, in the paper you have adopted to-day, show that you and the Committee agree in your estimate of the value of these agencies.

In January last your Corresponding Secretary sent in his resignation, which was accepted. His reasons for this procedure, as well as those of the Committee in acceding to it, were given at length, and need not be here repeated. By mutual arrangement it was agreed that he should abide temporarily in his place, till a successor should be appointed, or till the convenience of the Committee would better admit of his withdrawal. Under this arrangement he is still waiting, content with his place and happy in its duties, but earnestly hoping soon to be relieved. He withdrew his objections to-day, as you know, to his reëlection, in the assurance that it was but a temporary expedient in continuance of the agreement entered into between him and the Committee.

Though the anti-slavery office and its appliances were—as you have said—never more useful than at present, the duties of the person in charge have very much changed in character. He used to be, as was called, a General Agent, whose business was to arrange for lectures, hold meetings, call conventions, distribute books, and, in all the usual ways, keep up a general agitation. His business now is mainly at the desk, his duties almost exclusively the business of a Secretary. The maintenance of a large correspondence, on all subjects relating to the cause, and with all classes of people interested in its advancement, a considerable amount of writing for the press, an occasional public anti-slavery speech, and a great deal of private anti-slavery talk, constitute the present duties of the Corresponding Secretary. His concern just now, or rather the concern of those on whose behalf he acts, is not so much for the abolition of slavery as for a proper disposition of and provision for those already emancipated. In order that the liberation of the millions who are coming should work smoothly, it is of the utmost importance that the emancipation of the thousands whom we now have on hand as the first instalment should be made in all respects a complete success. We are now, as has been said, in the constructive stage of our movement's progress; not that the work of pulling down is yet fully completed, but that work is being done so well by other hands, that with a little looking-after we can leave it for the more interesting, and at present more pressing duty of building up. Our past vocation has been to destroy; our future will be to build. For it will be by the hands of Abolitionists in large part that the "old waste places" shall be builded, the "breach" repaired, and "paths to dwell in" once more restored.

Our duty as a Society for the coming year is plain. This you have admitted. It is to keep open your Office, and keep up your Standard. Not much money is required for the former, your gifts must be liberal to the latter. It is *the* instrumentality of the cause. It is an agency of great power. Its subscribers are not numerous, but its circulation is large. It wields a quiet but powerful influence. It is a wheel within a wheel. It is—instrumentally speaking—the main-spring of our cause. The recommendation of your Committee, on whose behalf I speak, and for whom or for myself, I have nothing more to say, is, Support The Standard with liberality, and let its value, from no fault of yours, undergo any diminution.

George H. Earle, Esq., of Philadelphia (son of the late Thomas Earle), then addressed the meeting. His speech, though extemporaneous, was a well considered and truly able production. He began by saying that he was happy to be invited to speak on that platform; and that although the liberality of its structure was such as to tolerate the widest difference of opinion, he did not know that there was ever an anti-slavery sentiment uttered from it from which he could say he dissented. Commencing in this catholic spirit, Mr Earle went on in the same mood through a speech of nearly an hour in duration, to which the people listened with wrapt attention, only interrupted occasionally by bursts of applause. Though of a philosophico-historical character, the speech was well adapted for popular effect, and some of its passages were exceedingly touching and beautiful. It added greatly to the interest and value of the meeting.

Miss Anna E. Dickinson delivered a short but very earnest address, and was followed briefly by Lucretia Mott and Oliver Johnson; after which the Society adjourned *sine die*.

Our Washington Correspondence.

Washington, Oct. 27, 1862.

There is an article in Saturday's *Intelligencer* which looks as if the army on the upper Potomac was about to move against the enemy. It is a very cautiously worded and a very ably written article, and is generally thought to possess a semi-official character. It excuses the delay of McClellan, argues that a defeat now of our greatest army would be followed by the most momentous consequences, whereas by a little delay victory can be made certain. It closes by a distinct intimation that the delay is about ended and that the army of the Potomac will now advance. As *The Intelligencer* is a McClellan sheet, or at least has always defended him whenever it has had anything to say about him, and as it is a very cautious journal, its announcement of day before yesterday is important It will be hard to gainsay its statements of fact, or to meet its argument, if it is honest. It it argues simply for a *temporary* delay to put the army into good shape, to make victory reasonably certain, who can take issue? It says with truth that a great defeat now would be exceedingly disastrous to our cause. There is no doubt about it. A decided, an overwhelming defeat of Gen. McClellan's army would come near ending the war with the present year by separation and a general disintegration. It is therefore important that we should make victory certain if possible. But if these arguments for delay really cover a desire to keep the army quiet for the Winter, then they are simply treasonable, for the certain result of a quiet Winter is separation and the success of the South in its attempt to establish an independent nation. A defeat now after a terrible struggle could be no worse for us, and in fact might save us from another thousand millions of debt.

The army is to fight this Fall—is to do its best to drive Lee back upon Richmond, for it *must* do it. Circumstances compel an advance, and it will soon be made. There has been a good deal of excitement upon the subject here for a number of weeks. As everybody now knows, the President went up to see Gen. McClellan to urge him onward. He did not say, as some persons allege, "You *must* move upon the enemy at once," but he did say, "General, the government, the country most earnestly desires you to move on the first moment that you can do so with safety. Our circumstances are such that we cannot afford to wait. Let no false timidity. General, hold you back—stay in your present position not a moment longer than is absolutely necessary to your success, for you must win a victory." This was the purport of what the President said, and he was driven to say it, by the feeling in the country and even in the Cabinet. Gen. Lee, it is thought, waits to fight McClellan near Winchester. Lee is shrewd and has calculated that public opinion at the North will drive McClellan to offer him battle. He has therefore gathered up an immense force and means to avert the issue of a battle, when he is hoping if he wins to push across the Potomac upon Washington, or if he is beaten to retreat up the Shenandoah Valley quite as handsomely as he did across the Potomac after Antietam. This is speculation—current speculation here upon Lee's purposes.

Anxious as are our leading men, men in office, men at the head of the government, in reference to the military situation, there is as much anxiety respecting the election about to take place in New York. It is not singular. The interest centering in that election has nothing whatever to do with ordinary party issues It is an issue which goes to the root of the war itself. Do the people of the State of New York wish the war to stop? Will they consent to separation That is the question of the hour, and it is to be decided by the November election in the Empire State. If New York elects Horatio Seymour Governor we shall have seen "the beginning of the end." The war is near its close, and disunion is not far off Lie as the Seymour presses may, he and his friends want peace at any price, and their success will break down the war in less than six months. There can be no doubt about this in the mind of any intelligent, honest, patriotic man. It is very natural, therefore, for the President to be anxious upon the subject. Some of Mr. Seward's enemies assert that he and Mr. Weed secretly desire the defeat of Gen. Wadsworth. Such a statement does them both gross injustice. Widely as they may differ with Gen. Wadsworth in reference to certain matters, they certainly do not desire the sympathizers with rebels to triumph in the greatest State of the Union. Judging from the anxiety among leading Republicans here I judge that there is great danger that Seymour may be elected. If so, what a condition our country is in! Do we deserve the good wishes of Europe? A people that does not love liberty does not deserve to succeed in anything, and does the American people? I have my doubts. I fear that a majority of the people of the free States this good hour would be very glad to get back the old Union with slavery forever dominant. If such is the case we do not deserve to triumph and probably shall not. Some of the rebel journals are already counselling slave-masters to make known to their slaves the fact that the border free States will not permit fugitive slaves to come and reside within their territory. This is good policy on the part of the rebels and will avail unless our armies are able to occupy the slave States, in which event the slaves can remain upon their own soil, which they will like much better than emigration to a colder climate.

Rumors of foreign recognition and intervention begin to multiply again here. There is really little foundation. It is not believed in diplomatic circles that recognition will take place before Spring, and never if we push on the war this Winter as we may and ought. Intervention is hardly possible. England cannot descend to the depths of depravity necessary to enable her to fight the battles of a great slave republic. It is impossible. We need not fear Europe but we may fear that our own imbecility will ruin our cause, and that is the only thing that will do it. There is quiet here. I suppose there are sixty thousand green troops just across the Potomac, and twenty thousand veterans. It is a fine army in itself, but the men need a great deal of drill and discipline before they can be relied upon. McClellan cannot have less than one hundred and fifty thousand men. Very likely he has more. Many of his troops are raw also, and it is not fully decided as yet how they will fight. They will not play the coward, but they may not all of them be serviceable. If he moves on upon Winchester we shall soon see. It will be seen that there is a quarter of a million of troops along the line of the Potomac, and as yet they are idle. If they remain idle one month hence their number will be not less than three hundred and fifty thousand. If a battle is fought at once, it will be seen that there is a large reserve of green troops.

Gen. Hooker will be ready to take the field in a day or two. The story has been repeated again and again that he is to have command of the army of the Potomac; but there is nothing to-day which looks as if the statement was correct. Hooker will have a command doubtless, but where is not known. Perhaps he will take his old division.

There is talk this morning of an advance of the army of the Potomac and of serious fighting. The week promises to be an interesting one. Possibly the north-eastern storm which threatens will prevent the execution of movements planned. Avon.

The Election in this State occurs on Tuesday next. The struggle is severe, and the importance of the issue involved can hardly be overrated. We do not see how any friend of freedom, unless he is a conscientious Non-Resistant, can find an excuse for withholding his vote from the Union Republican candidates.

Chronicles of the War.

Latest News.

The promises of a forward movement of the Army of the Potomac are at last likely to be fulfilled. Gen. Pleasanton, with his cavalry and four pieces of artillery, crossed a new pontoon bridge at Berlin, six miles below Harper's Ferry, on Sunday at daylight, and proceeded direct to Lovettsville, in London County, from which point he subsequently proceeded toward Leesburg. Shortly after the crossing of the cavalry, Gen. Burnside, with his Second Army Corps, commenced crossing at the same point, and occupied nearly the whole day in passing over. He occupied Lovettsville at night, and was expected to move forward yesterday morning—in what direction is not yet known. Other divisions of the army were prepared to follow from Bolivar Heights and other points higher up. The reports from the front announce that the rebels have drawn in their pickets at Charlestown, abandoned Martinsburg, after completing the destruction of the railroad property, and fallen back toward Winchester. Whether they have retreated beyond that point or will give battle there is the great point to be developed by the movements of our army.

The arrival of the steamship Ericsson from Port Royal has put us in possession of the facts respecting an attack by Gen. Mitchel's forces, on the 22d ult., upon the Charleston and Savannah Railroad. The expedition was one of some magnitude, consisting of the commands of Gens. Brannan and Terry. The main body of the troops was landed under cover of gunboats at Mackey's Point, distant about fifteen miles from the railroad, and marched seven miles inland, where the enemy was met in force. A sharp fight of an hour drove him from his position, and making a second stand at a point two miles beyond, he was again compelled to retreat by our closely-pursuing troops. The rebels made a third stand at the village of Pocataligo, taking the precaution to destroy the long bridge over the Pocataligo River, thereby effectually preventing further pursuit. This victory was not achieved without serious loss on our side, and the fight appears to have been as hotly contested as any on a more extended scale. While these events were happening with the main body, Col. Barton, with 350 men, penetrated to the railroad at Coosawhatchie, actually tearing up a few of the rails and cutting the telegraph wire, besides firing upon a train filled with troops, killing several and capturing a stand of regimental colors.

We have a brief account of another battle at Pea Ridge, in Arkansas, resulting in the defeat of the rebels. Gen. Curtis telegraphs officially that Gen. Schofield, finding that the enemy had encamped at Pea Ridge, sent Gen. Blunt with the 1st division westward, and moved toward Huntsville with the rest of his forces. Gen. Blunt, by making a hard night's march, reached and attacked the rebel force at Maysville, on the morning of the 22d. The enemy were estimated at from 5,000 to 7,000 strong. The engagement lasted an hour, and resulted in the total rout of the enemy, with the loss of all his artillery, a battery of six-pounders, a large number of horses, and a portion of their transportation and garrison equipments. Our cavalry and light howitzers were still in pursuit of their scattered forces when the messenger left. Our loss was small. Gen. Schofield pursued Gen. Hindman beyond Huntsville, coming close upon him, when his forces precipitately fled beyond the Boston Mountain. All the organized forces of the rebels have thus been driven back to the valley of the Arkansas river, and the Army of the Frontier has gallantly and successfully accomplished its mission.

Summary.

A Safeguard.—"I want a safeguard," said a violent rebel in Nashville, to Gen. Negley, the other day. "Hang out the American flag," replied the General; "that is the best safeguard I know of."

Escaped Contrabands.—The schooner Triumph, Capt. Loring, from Hatteras Inlet 10 days, with sutler's stores to S. A Jacobs, has on board ten contrabands, picked up at sea in a small boat. She is at anchor under Jersey City.—*Tribune, 23d.*

Elwood Fisher died recently at Augusta, Georgia. He was a pro-slavery Quaker, and, though a Northern man by residence, became a traitor and went South. Probably there are a few Quakers left, whether North or South, who believe in Jeff. Davis.

Contrabands in Illinois.—It is a singular fact that the old Ninth (Egyptian) Congressional district in Illinois, which is the strongest Democratic district in the Union, has taken more of the Southern negroes from Cairo for help than all the other Congressional districts combined.

One Loyal Breckinridge Democrat.—When Pope's officers, taken prisoners by Jackson, were examined in Richmond as to their politics, Gen. Prince, who had been a Breckinridge man, replied, "A Democrat," but almost instantly added, "No: put me down as an Abolitionist."

Special Notices.

Aaron M. Powell will speak upon the *Proclamation of Emancipation* at
EASTON, N. Y., Saturday evening, Nov. 1.
NORTH EASTON, N. Y., Sunday afternoon, Nov. 2.
UNION VILLAGE, N. Y., Sunday evening, Nov. 2.
GALESVILLE, N. Y., Monday, Nov.

Advertisements.

NINE ARTICLES THAT EVERY FAMILY SHOULD HAVE!!

The Agricultural Societies of the States of New York and New Jersey, and Queens Co., L. I., at their recent exhibitions, awarded the Highest Premium, of two large Silver Medals and seven Diplomas, for their articles, and every housekeeper that becomes acquainted with them uses no other.

1st. PYLE'S O. K. SOAP.—The most complete Labor Saving and Economic soap yet before the public. Used for washing all kinds of clothing, fine flannels, silks, laces, and for toilet and bathing purposes. The best class of families always adopt it after a trial. The editors of The Tribune, Evening Post, Independent, Evangelist, Examiner, Chronicle, Methodist, Advocate and Journal, Church Journal, American Agriculturalist, and of many other weekly journals, are using it in their families and at their offices. We want all who are disposed to encourage Good Articles and Just Dealing to give our articles a trial.
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7th.—PYLE'S BRILLIANT BLACK INK, warranted not to corrode steel pens.
8th.—PYLE'S STAR STOVE-POLISH, makes the iron [illegible] out any bad smell.
9th.—PYLE'S CREAM LATHER SHAVING SOAP, produces the richest lather possible, and positively does not dry quickly on the face.

These articles are always put up SIXTEEN OUNCES to the pound, and are designed for the best family trade.

The Editors of this Paper, and of nearly all the religious papers in New York, use our soap in their families, and can endorse the quality.

Every housekeeper should send to the grocer for these articles, and see that the name of JAMES PYLE, No. 350 Washington st., N. Y., is on the Label.

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* The continuance of Mr. McKim as Secretary after the acceptance of his resignation was explained by one of the Committee as a temporary expedient, meant to obviate inconvenience till there should be better opportunity of supplying his place.

Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI SLAVERY STANDARD

QUESTIONINGS.

SENTRY, at your silent post,
As you pace the hours away,
Waiting for the lagging day,
Tell us what you think of most?
—Questioner, as here I stand
At my post of danger, know
All my thoughts are of the foe
Banged against my honored land.

Sentry, is there not a hearth,
Sacred made by loved ones there,
Who would fain thy danger share
Everywhere upon this earth!
—Questioner, my native land
Has the first right to my arm;
God will shield from earthly harm
Those who in Home's circle stand.

Sentry, is there not a foe
Greater far than those who stand
In rebellion through the land,
In the darkness lying low?
—Questioner, a shadow lies
Over and against our host,
From the center to the coast,
Darker than the midnight skies!

Sentry, dare you speak its name?
Sentry, dare you utter here,
Without falter, without fear,
Whence this fearful shadow came?
—Questioner, my claim to say
I have gained by battle-right!
And the foes we ought to fight
Are not those in arms to-day!

Sentry, you a problem give!
Yet a glimmering of truth
Beams above the wrong and ruth;
Will the nation die or live!
—Questioner, one word alone
Solves the problem of the war!
Utter it from shore to shore,
Utter it from zone to zone.

Sentry, see! the shadows rise!
And the NEW YEAR soon will dawn
When EMANCIPATION'S MORN
Strips the curse of its disguise!
—Questioner, now nothing fear!
Thus the nation breaks its chains;
Slavery th' old year retains,
FREEDOM crowns the new-born Year!

WILLIAM E. PABOR.

Harlem, N. Y., Oct. 13th, 1862.

A SALE OF SLAVES.

[From "A Merchant's Story," in *The Continental Monthly* for *November*, by the author of "Among the Pines."]

THE negroes were seated on a fallen pine, in a remote quarter of the ground, and were chained together by the wrists, in gangs of four or five, the outside one having one hand secured by a cord bound about the waist. The men wore woollen hats, and the women neat Madras turbans, and both had thick linsey clothing, warm enough for any weather. Their dusky faces were sleek and oily, and their kinky locks combed as straight as nature would permit. The trader had "rigged them up," as a jockey "rigs up" his horses for market.

Pausing before a brawny specimen of the yellow species, he said, "Thar, Kirke, luk o' thar; thar's a boy fur ye—a nig thet kin work—ten thousand boxes (turpentine) easy. He's the sort. Prime stuff *thet*—(feeling of his arms and thighs)—hard—hard as stun—sinews like rope. Come o' good stock, he did—the old Devereaux blood—(a highly respectable family in those parts)—they's the raal quality—none of yer shams or mushrooms, but genuwine 'stocracy—blamed if they haint. What d'ye say ter him?"

"Well he moight do, p'raps, but I rather reckon ye've done him up some; 'iled his face, greased his wool, and sech like. It's all right, ye know—onythings fair in trade; but ye kan't come it over me, old feller. I'm up ter such doin's. I *am*, Mr. ——," and I paused for him to finish the sentence.

"Larkin," he added quickly and good-humoredly, "Jake Larkin, and yours, by ——," and he gave my hand another shake. "Yer one on 'em, I swar, and I own up; I *hev* 'iled 'em a trifle—jest a trifle; but ye ken see through thet; we heve ter do it ter fix the green 'uns, ye knows."

"Yes, I knows—'iled 'em inside and out, haint ye?"

"No, on my soul—only one glass ter day—true as preaching."

"Boy," I said to the yellow man, "how much whiskey hev yer drunk ter day. Now, tell the truth."

"Nary drop, massa; hed a moufful o' *sperrets*—a berry little moufful—dat's all."

"Taint 'nough, Larkin! Come, now, doan't be mean with nigs. Give 'em some more—some o' thet tall brandy o' your'n; a good swig. They karn't stand it out har in the cold without a little warming up."

"Well, I'm blamed ef I won't. Har, you, Jim," speaking to a well-dressed darky standing near. "Har, go ter thet red-headed woodpecker, thar at the cabin, and tell him I'll smash his peepers if he doan't send me some glasses ter onst—d'ye har? Go."

"The gentlemanly darky went, and soon returned with the glassware; and meanwhile Larkin directed another well-clad negro man to "bring the jugs." They were strung across the back of a horse which was tied near, and, uncorking one of them, the trader said: "I allers carry my own pizen. 'Taint right to give even nigs sech hell-fire as they sell round har; it git's a feller's stumach used ter tophel 'fore the rest of him is 'climated."

"Well, it does," I replied; "its the devil's own warming-pan."

Each negro received a fair quantity of the needed beverage, and seemed the better for it. A little brandy, "for the stomach's sake," is enjoyed by those dusky denizens of the low latitudes.

"When they were all supplied, the trader said to me: "Now, what d'ye say, Kirke? What'll ye give for the boy?"

"Well, I reckon I doan't want no boys jest now; and I doan't know as I wants ary 'oman nother, but if ye've got a right likely gal—one thet'll sew, and nuss good—I moight buy her for a friend o' mine. His wife's hed twins, and he moight use her to look arter the young 'uns."

"Young or old?"

"Young and sprightly."

"They come high, ye knows—but thar's a gal that'll suit. Git up gals;" and a row of five women rose. "No, git up thar, whar we can see ye." They stepped up on the log. "Now, thar's a gal for ye," he continued, pointing to a neat, tidy mulatto woman not more than nineteen, with a handsome but meek, sorrow-marked face. "Luk at thet!" and he threw up her dress to her knees, while the poor girl reached down her shackled hands in the vain effort to prevent the indignity. He was about to show off other good points, when I said: "Never mind—I see what she is. Let 'em git down."

They resumed their seats, and he continued: "Thet's jest the gal ye wants, Kirke—good at nursin', wet or dry; good at breedin', too; hed two young 'uns, a'ready. You kin * * * * * [The rest of this discourse will not bear repeating.]

"No, thank you."

"Well, jest as ye say. She's sound, though; sold fur no fault. Har young massa's been a-using on har—young 'uns are his'n. Old man got pious; couldn't stand sech doin's no how—ter hum—so he says ter me, 'Jake,' says he, 'take her ter Orleans—she's jest the sort—ye'll make money selling har to some o' them young bloods.' Ha, ha! that's religion for ye! I doan't know, Kirke, mebbe ye b'long ter the Church, and p'raps yer one o' the screamin' sort; but any how, I say, d—n sech religion as thet. Jake Larkin's a spec'lator, but he wouldn't do a thing like thet—ef he would, d—n him."

[The dealer in negroes never applies the term "trader" to himself; he prefers the softer word "speculator." The phrase "negro-trader" is used only by the rest of the community, who are "holier than he."]

"I doan't b'lieve ye would, Larkin; yer a good fellow, at bottom, I reckon."

"Well, Kirke, yer a trump. Come, hev another drink."

"No, excuse me; karn't stand more'n one horn a day; another'd lay me out flatter'n a stewpan. But ter business. How much fur thet gal—cash down? Come, talk it out."

"Well, at a word—twelve hundred."

"Too much; bigger'n my pile; couldn't put so much inter one gal, nohow. Wouldn't give the money for ary nig in Car'lina."

"Oh, buy me, good massa. Mister Larkin 'll take less'n dat, I reckon; *do* buy me," said the girl, who had been eyeing me very closely during the preceding dialogue.

"I would, my good girl, if I could; but you'll not exactly suit my friend."

"Buy her for yourself, then, Kirke. She'd suit you. She's sound, I tell you—ye'd make money on har."

"Not much, I reckon," I replied dryly.

"Why not? She'll breed like a rabbit." * *

"I wouldn't own her for the whole State: if I had her, I'd free her on the spot!" The cool bestiality of the trader disgusted me, and I forgot myself.

He started back surprised; then quietly remarked: "You're a Notherner. I swar; no corncracker ever held such doctrines as them."

"Yes," I replied, dropping the accent which my blunder had rendered useless; "I *am* a Northerner; but I want a nurse, notwithstanding, for a friend."

"Whar d'ye live?" asked the trader, in the same free, good-natured tone as before.

"In New York."

"In York! What! Yer not Mr. Kirke of Randolph, Kirke & Co.? But, blamenation, ye ar! How them whiskers has altered ye! I *thort* I seed ye afore. Haint ye cum it over me slick? Tuk in clean, swallered hull. But thar's my hand, Mr. Kirke; I'm right glad ter see ye."

"Where have you met me, my good fellow? I don't remember *you*."

"Down ter Orleans. Seed ye inter Roye, Struthers & Co.'s? The old man thinks a heap o' you; ye give 'em a pile of business, doant ye?"

"No, not much of our own. They buy cotton for our English correspondents, and negotiate through us, that is all. Roye is a fine old gentleman."

"Yes, he ar; I'm in with him."

"How *in* with him?"

"Why, in this business—we go snacks; I do the buyin', and he finds the rocks. We use a pile—sometimes a hun'r'd, sometimes two hun'red thousand."

"Is it possible? Then you do a large business?"

"Yes, right smart; I handle 'bout a thousand—big and little—ev'ry year."

"That *is* large. You do not buy and sell them all, yourself, do you?"

"Oh, no. I hardly ever sells; once in a while I run agin a buyer, *like you*—ha! ha!—and let one drap; but gin'rally I cage 'em, and when I git 'bout hun'red together, I take 'em ter Orleans, and auction 'em off. Thar's no fuss and dicker 'bout thet, ye knows."

"Yes, I know. But how do you manage so large a gang? I should think some would get away."

"No, they doant. I put the ribands on em; and, 'sides, ye see them boys thar," pointing to three splendid specimens of property, loitering near; "I've hed them boys nigh on ter ten year, and I haint lost nary a nig sense I had em. They're cuter and smarter nor I am, any day."

"Then you pick the negroes up round the country, and send them to a rendezvous, where you put them in jail till you make up your number?"

"Yes, the boys takes 'em down ter the pen. I'm picking some up round har now, ye see, and I send 'em ter Goldsboro. When I've toted these down thar, the boys and I'll go up ter Virginny."

"Why don't you send them on by stage? I should think it would hurt them to camp out at this season."

"Hurt em! Lord bless ye, fresh air never hurt a nig; they're never so happy as sleeping on the groun', with nothin' over 'em, and thar heels close ter a light-wood fire."

"But the delicate house-women and the children, can they bear it?"

"It do come a trifle hard on them, but it doan't last long. I allers takes ter the railroad when I gets a gang together."

"Well, come, I want a woman. Show me all you have."

"Do ye mean so, raally, Mr. Kirke? I thort ye was a comin' it on me, and I swar ye does do the Suthern like a native. I'm blamed ef I didn't s'pose ye b'longed round har. Ha, ha! How the ole man would larf ter hear it."

"But I *am* a native, Larkin; born within sight of Bunker Hill."

"Yes, thet kind o' native; and them's the sort, too. They make all-fired smart spec'lators. I knows a dozen on 'em; they hev made thar pile, and haint older'n I am, nother."

"Is it possible. Yankees in this business?"

"Yes, lots on 'em. Some on yer big folks up ter York and Bostin are in it deep; but they go the 'portin' line, gin'rally, and thet—d—d if *I'd* do it anyhow."

"Well, about the woman. None of them will do; are they all you have?"

"No, I've got one more, but I've sort o' lotted har ter a young feller down ter Orleans. He told me ter git him jest sech a gal. She's most white, and brought up tender like, and them kind is high prized, ye knows."

"Yes, I know; but where is she—let me see her?"

"She's in the store;" and rising, he led the way to the shanty.

* * * * *

The Squire was pacing to and fro in the upper end of the room, and the women and children were seated on the low bench near the counter. Phyllis lifted her eyes to my face as I entered, with a hopeful, inquiring expression, but they fell again when the trader said: "Thet's the gal for ye, Mr. Kirke; the most perfectest gal in seven States; good at onything, washin', ironin', nussin', breedin'; rig'larly fotched up; worth her weight in gold; d—d if she haint." Turning then to Preston, he exclaimed: "Why, Squire, how ar ye?"

"Very well," replied my friend, coolly.

"How's times?" continued the trader.

"Very well," said Preston, in a tone which showed a decided distaste for conversation.

"Well, glad of it. I heerd ye were hard put. Glad of it, Squire."

The Squire took no farther notice of him; and, turning to his property, the trader said: "Stand up, gal, and let me show the gentlemen what yer made of. Doan't look so down in the mouth, gal; this gentleman's got a friend thet'll keep ye in the style ye's fotched up ter."

Phyllis rose and made a strong effort to appear composed.

"Now, Mr. Kirke, luk at thet rig," said Larkin, seizing her rudely by the arm and turning her half round; straight's a rail. Look at thet ankle and fut—nimble's a squirrel, and healthy—why, ye couldn't sicken har if ye put har ter bosspetal work."

"Well, never mind. I see what she is. What's your price?"

"But ye haint seed har, yit! She's puny-like, I knows, but she's solid, *I* reckon; thar haint a pound of loose stuff on har—its all muscle. See thar—jest look o' thet," and he stripped the sleeve of her dress to the elbow, "thar's a arm fur ye—whiter'n buttermilk, and harder'n cheese. Feel on't."

The poor woman submitted meekly to this rough handling of her person, but I said impatiently:

"I tell you, Larkin, I'm satisfied. Name your price. I've no time to lose; the stage will be along in five minutes."

"The stage! Lord bless ye, Mr Kirke, it's broke down—'twon't be har fur an hour—I knows. Now look o' thet," he continued, drawing the poor woman's thin dress tightly across her limbs, while he proceeded, despite my repeated attempts to interrupt him, with his disgusting exhibitions which it would be disgraceful even to describe. "Ye doan't mind, do ye, gal?" he added, chucking her under the chin in a rude, familiar way, and giving a brutal laugh. Phyllis shrank away from him, but made no reply. She had evidently braced her mind to the ordeal, and was prepared to bear anything rather than offend him. I determined to stop any further proceeding, and said:

"I tell you, Larkin, I'm satisfied. I cannot waste more time in this manner. Name your price at once."

"Time! Mr. Kirke? why, yer time arn't worth nothin' jest now. The stage won't be 'long till dark. Ye haint seed half on har, yit. I doan't want ter sell ye a damaged article. I want ter show ye she's sound's a nut—*ye won't pay my price ef I doan't*. Look a thar, now," and with a quick, dexterous movement, he tore open the front of her dress. * * * *

The poor girl, unable to use her hands, bent over nearly double, and strained the children to her breast to hide her shame. A movement at the other end of the room made me look at the Squire. With his jaws set, his hands clenched, and his face on fire, he bounded toward the trader. In a moment he would have been upon him. My own blood boiled, but, knowing that an outbreak would be fatal to our purpose, I planted myself firmly in his way, and said, as I took him by the arm and held him by main force:

"Stand back, Preston; this is my affair."

"Yes, Squire," added the trader, "ye'd better be quiet. Ye'll turn trader, yerself, yit. If things is true, ye'll have ter begin on yer own nigs, mighty sudden."

"If I am brought to that," replied the Squire, with the calm dignity which was natural to him, "I shall treat them like human beings, not like brutes."

"Ye'll show 'em all the best how ye kin; let ye alone fur thet; I know yer hull parson tribe; thar haint nary a honest one among ye."

Preston turned silently away, as if disdaining to waste words on such a subject; and I said to the trader:

"Mr. Larkin, I've told you I've no time to lose. Name your price at once, or I'll not buy the woman at all."

"Well, jest as ye say, Mr. Kirke. But ye see she's a rare 'un; would bring two thousand in Orleans, sure's a gun."

"Pshaw! you know better than that; but, name your price."

"What, for the hull, or the 'oman alone?"

"Either way, I've no particular use for the children, but I'll buy them if cheap."

"Oh! *do* buy us," cried the little girl, taking hold of my coat; "do buy us—please do, good massa."

"Shet up, ye young whelp," said the trader, raising his whip. The little thing slunk back affrighted, and commenced sobbing, but said no more.

"Well, Mr. Kirke, the lot cost me sixteen fifty, hard rocks, and 'twas dirt cheap, 'cause the 'ooman alone 'll bring mor'n thet. I couldn't hev bought har fur thet, but har owner was hard up. Ye see he's Gin'ral ——, down ter Newbern, one of yer rig'lar 'ristocrats, the raal ole-fashioned sort—keeps a big plantation, house in town; fine wines; fine wimmin; fast bosses; and goes it mighty strong. Well, he's allers a trifle under—ev'ry year 'bout two thousand short; and ev'ry year I buy a couple or so of nigs of him ter make it up. He's a perticklerler friend of mine, ye see; he thinks a heap of me—he does. Well, when I get's 'long thar t'other day, he says ter me, says he: 'Lark' (he allers calls me Lark; thet's the name I goes by 'mong my intimate 'quaintance), 'Well,' says he, 'Lark, thar's Phylly. I want ye ter take har. She's the likeliest gal in the world—good old Virginny blood, father one of the raal old stock. Ye knows she's right, good ev'ry way, prays like a camp meetin', and virtuous ter kill; thar ain't none round har that's up to har at thet—tried ter cum round har myself, but couldn't git nigher'n a rod—won't hev but one man, and'll stick ter him like death; jest the gal fur one on them New Orleans bloods as wants one thet'll be true ter 'em. Do ye take, Lark?' says he. 'Well, I do,' says I, 'and I know jest the feller fur her; one of your raal high-flyers—rich's a Jew—twenty thousand a year—lives like a prince—got one or two on 'em now; but he says to me, when I comes off, 'Lark,' says he, 'find me a gal, ranther pale, tidy, hard's a nut, and not bigger'n a cotton bale.' 'Wall,' says I, 'I will, and, Gin'ral, Phylly's the gal! She'll hev good times, live like a queen, hev wines, dresses, bosses, operas, and all them sort o' things—ye knows them ar fellers doan't stand fur trifles.' 'Yes, I knows, Lark,' says the Gin'ral, 'and bein' it's so, ye kin take her, Lark; but I wouldn't sell har ter ary nother man livin'—if I would, d—n me. Ye kin hev har, Lark, but ye must take the young 'uns; she's got two, ye knows, and it haint Christian-like ter sell 'em apart.' 'D—n the young 'uns, Gin'ral,' says I, 'I karn't do nary a thing with them. What'll one of them young bloods want o' them? They goes in fur home manufactures.' 'Yes, I knows, Lark,' says he, 'but ye kin sell 'em off thar—ony planter'll buy 'em—they'll pay ter raise. They're two likely little gals, ye knows, honest born, white father, and'll make han'some wimmin—han'somer'n thar mother, and sell higher when they's grow'd—ye'd better take 'em, Lark. If ye doan't, I'm d—d if I'll sell ye the mother; fur, ye see, I *must* have the hull vally, now that's honest.' 'Wall, Gin'ral,' says I, 'ye allers talks right out, that's what I likes in ye. What's the price?' 'Wall,' says he, 'bein' it's ye, and ye've a good master in yer eye for Phylly, I'll say two thousand fur the lot—the gal alone'll fotch twenty-five hundred down ter Orleans.' 'Whew!' says I, 'Gin'ral, ye've been a takin' suthin'' (but he hadn't; he war soberer than a church clock; 'twarn't more'n 'lev'n, and he's never drunk 'fore evenin'). 'Wall,' says I, 'karn't think of it, nohow, Gin'ral.' Then he cum down ter eighteen, but I counted out sixteen fifty—good rags of the old State Bank—and I'm blamed if he didn't take it. I'd no idee he'd wud; but debt, Mr. Kirke, debt's the devil—but it helps us, 'cause, I s'pose (and he laughed his hardened, brutal laugh), we do the devil's own work. But be thet how it may, if these high-flyin' planters didn't run inter it, and hev ter pay up, nigger speculatin' wouldn't be worth follerin'. Well, I took the nigs, and thar they is; and hem's its you, Mr Kirke, and yer a friend of the ole man, you shud hav the lot fur a hundred and fifty more, or the 'ooman alone fur fifteen hundred; but ary nother white man couldn't touch 'em fur less'n two thousand—if they could, d—n me.'"

The stage had not arrived, and I had submitted to this lengthy harangue, because I saw I could more certainly accomplish the purchase by indulging the humor of the trader. The suspense was, no doubt, agony to Phyllis, and the Squire manifested decided impatience, but the delay seemed unavoidable. It was difficult for Preston to control himself. He chafed like a chained tiger. At first he paced up and down the further side of the apartment, then sat down, then rose and paced the room again, and then again sat down, every now and then glaring upon Larkin with a look of savage ferocity that showed the wild beast was rising in him. The trader once in a while looked toward him with a cool unconcern that indicated two things; nerves of iron, and perfect familiarity with such demonstrations.

Fearing an explosion, I at last stepped up to the Squire, and said to him in a low tone: "Let me beg of you to leave the room—*do*—you may spoil all." He made no reply, but did as I requested.

When he had gone, Larkin remarked, in an indifferent way, "The Squire's got the devil in him. He's sum when his blood's up—edged tools, dangerous to handle—he is—I know him. I'd rather have six like Tom on me, any time, than one like him. But he karn't skeer me. The man doant breathe that kin turn Jake Larkin a hair."

"I see he's excited," I replied; "but why is he so interested in this woman?"

"Why, she was fotched up 'long with him—children together. He owned har till he got into the nineholes one day, and sold har ter the Gin'ral. I'd bet a pile the young 'uns ar his'n. He knows har as he do the psa'm book. Ha! ha!" and he laughed his brutal laugh, as, chucking Phyllis under the chin, he asked, "Doant he, gal?"

She shrank away from him, but said nothing.

"Doan't be squeamy, gal; out with it; we'll think the more on ye fur't. Arn't the young ones his'n? Didn't ye b'long ter the Squire till he got so d—d pious five year ago?"

"Yes, master; I belonged to him; Master Robert was allers pious."

"Yes, I knows; he was allers preachin' pious. But didn't ye b'long ter him—ye knows what I means—till he got so d—d camp-meetin' pious five year ago?"

"Master Robert was allers camp-meetin' pious," replied the woman, looking down, and drawing her thin shawl more closely over her open bosom.

"Well," said Larkin, "ye karn't git nothin' out o' har, but it's so—sartain! Ev'ry 'un says so; and what ev'ry 'un says arn't more'n a mile from the truth. Jest look o' that little 'un. Doan't ye see the Squire's eyes and forrerd thar?" and he took the little girl roughly by the arm, and turned her face toward mine. The lower part of her features were like her mother's, but her eyes, hair and forehead were Preston's!

"Yes, I see," I said; "but you spoke of two little girls; where is the other?"

"Well, you see, I bought 'em both, and the Gin'ral give me bill of sale of 'em; but when we come to look arter the young 'un in the mornin', she warn't thar. The Gin'ral's 'ooman—she's a 'ooman fur me—a bull team—she makes him stan' round, *I* reckon. Well, she'd a likin' for the little 'un, and she swoore she shouldn't be sold. She told me ter my face she'd packed her off whar I couldn't git har, nohow; and she said she'd raise the town, and hev me driv' out, if I 'tempted it."

"What did you do, then?" I asked.

"Well, ye know the Gin'ral's a honerubble man, so, when he seed his 'ooman was set thet way, he throw'd in the yaller boy—and he's wuth a hun'red more'n the gal, any day. His mother took on ter kill, 'cause the Gin'ral'd sort o' promised him ter har, and she'd been a savin' up ter buy him. But the Gin'ral's a honerubble man, and he didn't flinch a hair—not a hair. 'Thet's the sort ter deal with, I say. I stuck for the little gal, though—'cause, ye see, I'd takin' a likin' to har myself—she's the pootiest little thing ye ever seed, she is; but the Gin'ral he said 'twarn't no use, fur his 'ooman would have har way, and finally I guv in, and took another bill o' sale. And what d'ye think! I'd no more'n got it inter my pocket, 'fore the Gin'ral's 'ooman pulled out a gold watch, two or three diamond pins, a ring or two, and some wimmen's fixin's, and says she, 'See thar, *Mister* Larkin, them's what I got fur the little gal. *I've* sold har—sold har this mornin', and got the bill o' sale; and if the Gin'ral doan't certify it, he won't git no peace, I reckon. I was bound ter see one on 'em done right by, I was.' Well, I told har she was ahead o' my time, and I put out rather sudden, I did. A 'ooman's the devil; I'd ruther trade with twenty men than one 'ooman, I swar."

When he spoke of her child, the slave woman burst into tears. Her emotion drowned the curiosity which had made me a patient listener to the trader's story, and recalled me to the business in hand. With some twinges of conscience for having kept the wretched girl so long on the rack, I said to him, "Well, Larkin, let's get through with this. Name your lowest price for the lot."

"P'raps you'd as lief throw out the boy. I'll take off three hundred fur him."

"Oh! doan't ye leab Ally, massa; buy Ally, too, massa; oh do, good massa," he cried, with an expression of keen agony such I had never till then seen in a child. He was a "likely" little fellow, with a round, good-natured face, and a bright, intelligent eye; and though I presumed Preston felt no particular interest in him, I thought of his mother, depriving herself of sleep and rest to save up the price of her boy, and I said: "No, I have taken a liking to him; I'll take the whole or none."

"Well, then, seventeen fifty; not a dime less. That's only a hun'red profit."

"Will a hundred profit satisfy you?"

"Yes, bein' as you's a friend of the old man, and I hain't had 'em only four days."

I quietly sat down on the bench, beside the little girl, and taking her hand in mine, and playing with her small fingers in a careless way, said: "Well, I will give you a hundred profit; but, Larkin," and I looked him directly in the eye, and smiled, "you cannot intend to come the Yankee over me! I am one of them myself, you know, and understand such things. These people cost you twelve hundred—not a mill more."

"The h—ll they did! P'raps ye mean to say I lie!" he replied in an excited tone, his face reddening with anger.

"No, I don't. I merely state a fact, and you know it. So keep cool."

"It's a d—d lie, sir. I doant keer who says it," he exclaimed, now really excited.

"Come, come, my fine fellow," I said, rising and facing him; "skip the hard words, and don't get up too much steam—it might hurt you, *or your friends*."

"What d'ye mean? Speak out, Mr. Kirke. If yer doan't want ter buy 'em, say so, and have done with it." This was said in a more moderate tone. He had evidently taken my meaning, and feared he had gone too far.

"I mean simply this. This woman and the children cost you twelve hundred dollars four days ago. Preston wants them—*must* have them—and he will give thirteen hundred for them, and pay you in a year, with interest; that's all."

"Well, come now, Mr. Kirke, thet's liberal, aren't it! Suppose I doan't take it, what then?"

"Then Roye, Struthers & Co. will stop your supplies, or *I'll stop their's*—that's 'SARTAIN,'" and I laughed good-humoredly as I said it.

"Well, yer one on 'em, Mr. Kirke, thet's a fact;" and then he added, seriously, "but yer karn't mean to saddle my doings onter them."

"Yes, I will; and tell them they have you to thank for it."

"What," and he struck his forehead with his hand, "what a dangnation fool I was ter tell ye 'bout them!"

"Of course you were; and a greater one to say you paid sixteen fifty for the property. I'd have given fifteen hundred for them if you had told the truth. But come, what do you say; are they Preston's or not?"

"No, I karn't do it; karn't take Preston's note—'tain't wuth a hill of beans. Give me the money, and it's a trade."

"Preston is cramped, and cannot pay the money just now. I'll give you my note, if you prefer it."

"Payable in York, interest and exchange?"

"Yes."

"Well, it's done. And now, d—n the nigs. I'll never buy ary 'nother good-lookin' 'un as long's I live."

"I hope you won't," I replied, laughing.

He then produced a blank note and a bill of sale, and drawing from his pocket a pen and a small ink-bottle, said to me: "Thar, Mr. Kirke, ye fill up the note, and I'll make out the bill o' sale. I'm handy at such doins'."

"Give me the key of these bracelets first. Make out the bill to Preston—Robert Preston, of Jones County."

He handed me the key, and I unlocked the shackles. "Now, Phyllis," I said, "it is over. Go and tell Master Robert."

She rose, threw her arms wildly above her head, and staggering weakly forward, without saying a word, left the cabin. Yelping and leaping with joy, the yellow boy followed her; but the little girl came to me, and looking up timidly in my face, said: "O massa! Rosey so glad 'ou got mammy—Rosey so glad. Rosey lub 'ou, massa—Rosey lub 'ou a heap." I thought of the little girl I had left at home, and with a sudden impulse lifted the child from the floor and kissed her. She put her little arms about my neck, laid her soft cheek against mine, and burst into tears. She was not accustomed to much kindness.

I filled out the note and gave it to the trader; and, with the bill of sale in my hand, was about to go in search of Preston, when he and Phyllis entered the cabin. I handed him the document, and glancing it over, he placed it in his pocket-book.

"Now, Larkin," I said, "this is a wretched business; give it up; there's too much of the man in you for this sort of thing."

"Well, p'raps yer right, Mr. Kirke; but I'm in it, and I karn't git out; but it seems to me it tain't no worse dealin' in 'em then ownin' 'em."

"I don't know. Is it not a little worse on the man himself? Does it not sort of harden you—blunt your better feelings to be always buying and selling people that do not want to be bought and sold?"

"Well, p'raps it do; its a cussed business any how But thar's my hand, Mr. Kirke. Yer a gentleman, I swar, if ye *hev* come it over me, ha! ha! How slick you done it! I likes ye the better fur it; and if Jake Larkin kin ever do ye a good turn, he'll do it. I allers takes ter a man thet's smarter nor I am, I do," and he gave my hand another of his powerful shakes.

"I thank you, Larkin; and if I can ever serve you, it will give me great pleasure to do so."

"I doan't doubt it, Mr. Kirke, I doan't; and I'll call on ye, sure, if ye ever kin do me ony good. Good-bye, ye want ter be with the Squire, good-bye;" and giving my hand another shake, he left the cabin.

Which was the worse—that coarse, hardened man, or the institution which had made him what he was?

It was many years before the trader and I met again. When we did, he kept his word.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF JAMES HOGG, THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

[A friend in Pennsylvania sends us the following poem of Wordsworth's for republication.]

WHEN first descending from the moorlands
I saw the streams of Yarrow glide
Along a bare and open valley,
The Ettrick Shepherd was my guide.

When last along its banks I wandered,
Through groves that had begun to shed
Their golden leaves upon the pathway,
My steps the Border Minstrel led.

The mighty Minstrel breathes no longer,
'Mid mouldering ruins low he lies;
And death upon the braes of Yarrow
Has closed the Shepherd Poet's eyes.

Nor has the rolling year twice measured,
From sign to sign, his steadfast course,
Since every mortal power of Coleridge
Was frozen at its marvellous source.

The rapt one of the Godlike forehead,
The heaven-eyed creature sleeps in earth,
And Lamb, the frolic and the gentle,
Has vanished from his lonely hearth.

Like clouds that rake the mountain summits,
Or waves that own no curbing hand,
How fast has brother followed brother
From sunshine to the sunless land!

Yet I, whose lids from infant slumbers
Were earlier raised, remain to hear
A timid voice, that asks in whispers,
"Who next will drop and disappear?"

Our haughty life is crowned with darkness,
Like London with its own black wreath,
On which with thee, O! Crabbe! forth looking
I gazed from Hampstead's breezy heath.

As if but yesterday departed,
Thou, too, art gone before; yet why
For ripe fruit seasonably gathered
Should frail survivors heave a sigh?

No more of old romantic sorrows
For slaughtered youth and love-lorn maid,
With sharper grief is Yarrow smitten,
And Ettrick mourns with her their Shepherd dead!

WM. WORDSWORTH.

Rydal Mount, Nov. 30, 1835.

A FRANK ADMISSION.—Billy Ross is a great temperance lecturer, and at Rushville, Illinois, was preaching to the young on his favorite theme. He said:

"Now, boys, when I ask you a question you mustn't be afraid to speak right out and answer me. When you look around and see all these fine houses, farms, and cattle, do you ever think who owns them all now? Your fathers own them, do they not?"

"Yes, sir!" shouted a hundred voices.

"Well, where will your fathers be in twenty years from now?"

"Dead!" shouted the boys.

"That's right. And who will own all this property then?"

"Us boys!" shouted the urchins.

"Right. Now, tell me—did you ever, in going along the streets, notice the drunkards lounging around the saloon-doors, waiting for somebody to treat them?"

"Yes, sir, lots of them!"

"Well, where will they be in twenty years from now?"

"Dead!" exclaimed the boys.

"And who will be the drunkards then?"

"*Us boys!*"

Billy was thunder-struck for a moment; but recovering himself, tried to tell the boys how to escape such a fate.—*Harper's Monthly.*

THE LAST OF THE BYRONS.—The dullness of London at this season of the year has been relieved for the day by a strange glimpse into the romance of the peerage. Last week there died at Brighton, at the early age of twenty-seven, Byron Noel, Baron of Ockham and Wentworth. The heir of a large fortune, the grandson and last direct representative of the greatest of English poets, the young peer had—so the world might have judged—a brilliant career before him. He was the son of Ada Byron, the poet's only daughter, and this is almost all that is known of him positively. For some cause unknown, and only faintly surmised, the young Baron never assumed his rank, never took his seat in the House of Lords, never even made his appearance in the fashionable world. Very early in life he broke off his connection with his family, willingly or not, served on board ship as a common sailor, then supported himself as a hired laborer in a Thames dock yard, and became engaged (if he was not actually married) to a bar maid in a sailor's public house in Wapping. Then, in the first bloom of his young life, he dies suddenly by hemorrhage of the lungs, and the court papers mention his existence after years of silence. The last of the Byrons is dead; and the story of the latest descendant of that strange race is buried in the grave with him.—*London Letter.*

A THOUSAND YEARS.

A THOUSAND years! through storm and fire,
With varying fate, the work has grown,
'Till Alexander crowns the spire
Where Rurik laid the corner-stone.

The chieftain's sword, that could not rust,
But bright in constant battle grew,
Raised to the world a throne august,
A nation grander than he knew.

Nor he alone; but those who have,
Through faith or deed, an equal part—
The subtle brain of Yaroslav,
Vladimir's arm, and Nikon's heart;

The later hands that built so well
The work sublime which these began,
And up from base to pinnacle
Wrought out the Empire's mighty plan.

All these, to-day, are crowned anew,
And rule, in splendor, where they trod,
While Russia's children throng to view
Her holy cradle, Novgorod.

From Volga's banks, from Ural's side;
From pine-clad Ural, dark and long;
Or where the foaming Terek's tide
Leaps down from Kasbek, bright with song!

From Altai's chain of mountain-cones;
Mongolian deserts, far and free,
And lands that bind, through changing zones,
The Eastern and the Western sea.

To every race she gives a home,
And creeds and laws enjoy her shade;
Till, far beyond the dreams of Rome,
Her Cæsar's mandate is obeyed.

She blends the virtues they impart,
And holds, within her life combined,
The patient faith of Asia's heart,
The force of Europe's restless mind.

She bids the nomad's wandering cease:
She binds the wild marauder fast,
Her plow shares turn to homes of peace
The battle-field of ages past.

And, nobler far, she dares to know
Her future's task—nor knows in vain,
But strikes at once the generous blow
That makes her millions men again!

So, firmer-based, her power expands,
Nor yet has seen its crowning hour,
Still teaching to the struggling lands
That Peace the offspring is of Power.

Build up the storied bronze, to tell
The steps whereby this height she trod—
The thousand years that chronicle
The toil of Man, the help of God!

And may the thousand years to come—
The future ages, wise and free,—
Still see her flag, and hear her drum,
Across the world, from sea to sea!—

Still find, a symbol stern and grand,
Her ancient eagle's strength unshorn,
One head to watch the western land,
And one to guard the land of morn!

BAYARD TAYLOR.

Novgorod, Russia, Sept. 20, 1862.

GARIBALDI TO THE ENGLISH NATION.

[The following translation of an address in Italian to the English nation appears in the London *Morning Post*.]

SUFFERING under repeated blows, both moral and physical, a man can more exquisitely feel both good and ill, hurl a malediction at the authors of evil, and consecrate to his benefactors unlimited gratitude and affection.

And I owe you gratitude, O English nation! and I feel it as much as my soul is capable of feeling it. You were my friend in my good fortune, and you will continue your precious friendship to me in my adversity. May God bless you. My gratitude is all the more intense, O kind nation! that it rises high above all individual feeling, and becomes sublime in the universal sentiment toward nations of which you represent the progress. Yes, you deserve the gratitude of the world, because you offer a safe shelter to the unfortunate from whatever side they may come, and you identify yourselves with the misfortunes of others you pity and help. The French or Neapolitan exile finds refuge in your bosom against tyranny. He finds sympathy and aid because he is unfortunate. The Haynaus, the iron executioners of autocrats, will not be supported by the soil of your free country; they will fly from the tyrannical anger of your generous sons.

And what should we be in Europe without your dignified behavior? Autocracy can strike her exiled ones in other countries, where only a bastard freedom is enjoyed—where freedom is but a lie. But let one seek for it on the sacred ground of Albion. I, like so many others, seeing the cause of justice oppressed in so many parts of the world, despair of all human progress. But when I turn my thoughts to you, I find tranquillity from your steady and fearless advancement toward that end to which the human race seems to be called by Providence.

Follow your path undisturbed, O unconquered nation! and be not backward in calling sister nations on the road of human progress. Call the French nation to coöperate with you. You are both worthy to walk hand in hand in the front rank of human improvement. But call her! In all your meetings let the words of concord of the two great sisters resound. Call her! Call her in every way with your own voice, and with that of her great exiles—with that of her Victor Hugo, the hierophant of sacred brotherhood. Tell her that conquests are to day an aberration, the emanation of insane minds. And why should we conquer foreign lands, when we must all be brothers? Call her, and do not care if she is for the moment under the dominion of the Spirit of Evil. She will answer in due time—if not to-day, to-morrow, and, if not to-morrow, she will later answer to the sound of your generous and regenerating words. Call, and at once, Helvetia's strong sons and clasp them forever to your heart. The warrior sons of the Alps, the Vestals of the sacred fire of freedom in the European Continent, they will be yours! And what allies! Call the great American Republic. She is, after all, your daughter, risen from your bosom; and, however she may go to work, she is struggling to-day for the abolition of slavery so generously proclaimed by you. Aid her to come out from the terrible struggle in which she is involved by the traffickers in human flesh. Help her, and then make her sit by your side in the great assembly of nations, the final work of human reason. Call unto you such nations as possess free will, and do not delay a day. The initiative that to-day belongs to you might not be yours to-morrow. May God avert this! Who more bravely took the initiative than France in '89? She, who in that solemn moment gave to the world the Goddess Reason, levelled tyranny to the dust, and consecrated free brotherhood between nations. After almost a century, she is reduced to combat the liberty of nations, to protect tyranny, and to direct her efforts to steady, on the ruins of the Temple of Reason, that hideous, immoral monstrosity, the Papacy. Rise, therefore, O Britannia! and lose no time. Rise, with uplifted brow, and point out to other nations the road to follow. War would no longer be possible where a World's Congress would judge of the differences arisen between nations. No more standing armies, with which freedom is incompatible! Away with shells and iron plating! Let spades and reaping-machines come forth—let the millions spent in destructive implements be employed to encourage industry and to diminish the sum of human misery. Begin! O English people! For the love of God begin the great era of the human compact, and benefit present generations with so great a gift.

Beside Switzerland, Belgium, and others that will rise at your call, you will see other nations, urged on by the good sense of their populations, rush to your embrace and unite in one. Let London be at the present time the seat of the Congress, in due course to be chosen by mutual understanding and general consent. I repeat to you, may God bless you, and may He amply repay you for the benefits you have showered upon me. With gratitude and affection, yours,

G. GARIBALDI.

Varignano, Sept. 23.

INAUGURATION OF THE MEMORIAL TO JOHN LOCKE.—This beautiful work of art was inaugurated at the Shire-hall, Taunton, last week, the bust of the celebrated Somersetshire philosopher having been placed in the building near the one recently deposited to the memory of Admiral Blake. There was a large attendance of county magistrates, presided over by Sir William Miles, Bart., M.P. On the pedestal is engraved the following inscription: "To the philosopher who, daring to scan the unexplored recesses of the human mind, first examined its nature, and then gave rules for its development. To the statesman who, loving the welfare of his species, attempted to expound the true theory of their liberty. To the Christian who, loving no less their spiritual welfare, aspired to vindicate the true claims of their faith. To John Locke, philosopher, statesman, Christian, this memorial is erected. Born at Wrington, in Somersetshire, A.D. 1632. Died, aged seventy-three, A.D. 1704." Mr. R. A. Kinglake (Weston-super-Mare) paid a graceful tribute to the memory of the great Somersetshire philosopher, whose fame was not simply confined to his but extended througho object had been attained, out knocking at the door adding to the county thanked Mr. Kinglake fo the matter. The mem was of that nature that it to desire to add to it. building in which they were devoted merely to justice, but depository of memorials of ill men.

THE "GOLDEN GATE"— WARNING.

Editor of Herald of Progress.

DEAR SIR: The following fact in will interest some of your readers:

Being in Santa Cruz, Cal., in the early part of June last, and intending to come East during the summer, I one morning stated to my friend, Mrs. K——, in whose house I was visiting that I had concluded to sail on the 21st of July. While we were talking on the subject, Mrs. Glover, a medium, resident of the town, came in, and was presently influenced by a spirit whom I had known when a child of about ten years, who said:

"We do not wish you to go on the vessel you talk of."

I did not know what steamer would sail from San Francisco on the 21st of July, and had not even thought about it at all; but I asked:

"Why not? Isn't she safe?"

"They have been overhauling her, but she is wrong about her fire-works."

"Won't she get to Panama?"

"No, she will *never* get to Panama again."

"Will she be lost at sea?"

"No, she will get to the land *somewhere down there*, but half her people will be lost."

"If you are sure of this, you ought to warn the public; other people's lives are as dear to them as mine to me."

"They wouldn't believe us if we did."

This was said in a tone of indifference, as if the spirit repaid their scepticism with a feeling of equal unconcern for them.

"That is true," I replied, "but it seems dreadful for people to go on board a vessel to be lost, when they might be saved."

"Oh, you needn't trouble yourself about them they may as well come here that way as another."

Some other questions were asked and answered, which I do not distinctly recollect now, and then the charge not to go at that time was very earnestly repeated, and I was assured that "they had been and seen the condition of the vessel." I need not add that this was the ill-fated Golden Gate.

Before leaving San Francisco, I learned that a merchant of that city, who lost his life in the endeavor to reach the shore, had two written warnings, through a medium there, not to go on her, that if he did he would never reach New York.

The last remark of my spirit-friend may seem heartless. I do not hold myself responsible for it. He was a man of strange ways and speech on the earth, which he has evidently not yet outgrown. I remember him well, though at a distance of thirty-six years, and he proved himself to me, through Mrs Glover, by certain peculiarities of manner which were all his own. Any one who has read a book entitled, "My Early Days," will find the man in the owner of a pair of hornless oxen, and looking at his portrait there, will at once understand how little ill-nature there really was in his apparently ungracious reply to my concern for the unbelieving public.

I will take occasion to add that among mediums, East or West, I have found none more uniformly trustworthy than the lady who was employed to save me the horrors of that fearful tragedy on the Mexican coast. I saw and proved her mediumship in many ways, and am indebted to it for much clear and noble proof of the power of spirits to communicate with us, as well as for some of the sweetest consolations that have ever reached me from the Summer Land.

Yours truly, ELIZA W. FARNHAM

New York, Sept. 25, 1862.

Advertisements.

AYER'S PILLS.—Are you sick, feeble, and complaining? Are you out of order with your system deranged and your feelings uncomfortable? These symptoms are often the prelude to serious illness. Some fit of sickness is creeping upon you, and should be averted by a timely use of the right remedy. Take Ayer's Pills, and cleanse out the disordered humors—purify the blood, and let the fluids move on unobstructed in health again. They stimulate the functions of the body into vigorous activity, purify the system from the obstructions which make disease. A cold settles somewhere in the body, and obstructs its natural functions. These, if not relieved, react upon themselves and the surrounding organs, producing general aggravation, suffering, and disease. While in this condition, oppressed by the derangements, take Ayer's Pills, and see how directly they restore the natural action of the system, and with it the buoyant feeling of health again. What is true and so apparent in this trivial and common complaint, is also true in many of the deep seated and dangerous distempers. The same purgative effect expels them. Caused by similar obstructions and derangements of the natural functions of the body, they are rapidly, and many of them surely, cured by the same means. None who know the virtues of these Pills will neglect to employ them when suffering from the disorders they cure, such as Headache, Foul Stomach, Dysentery, Bilious Complaints, Indigestion, Derangement of the Liver, Costiveness, Constipation. As a Dinner Pill they are both agreeable and effectual.

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